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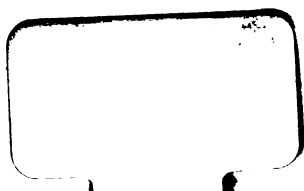
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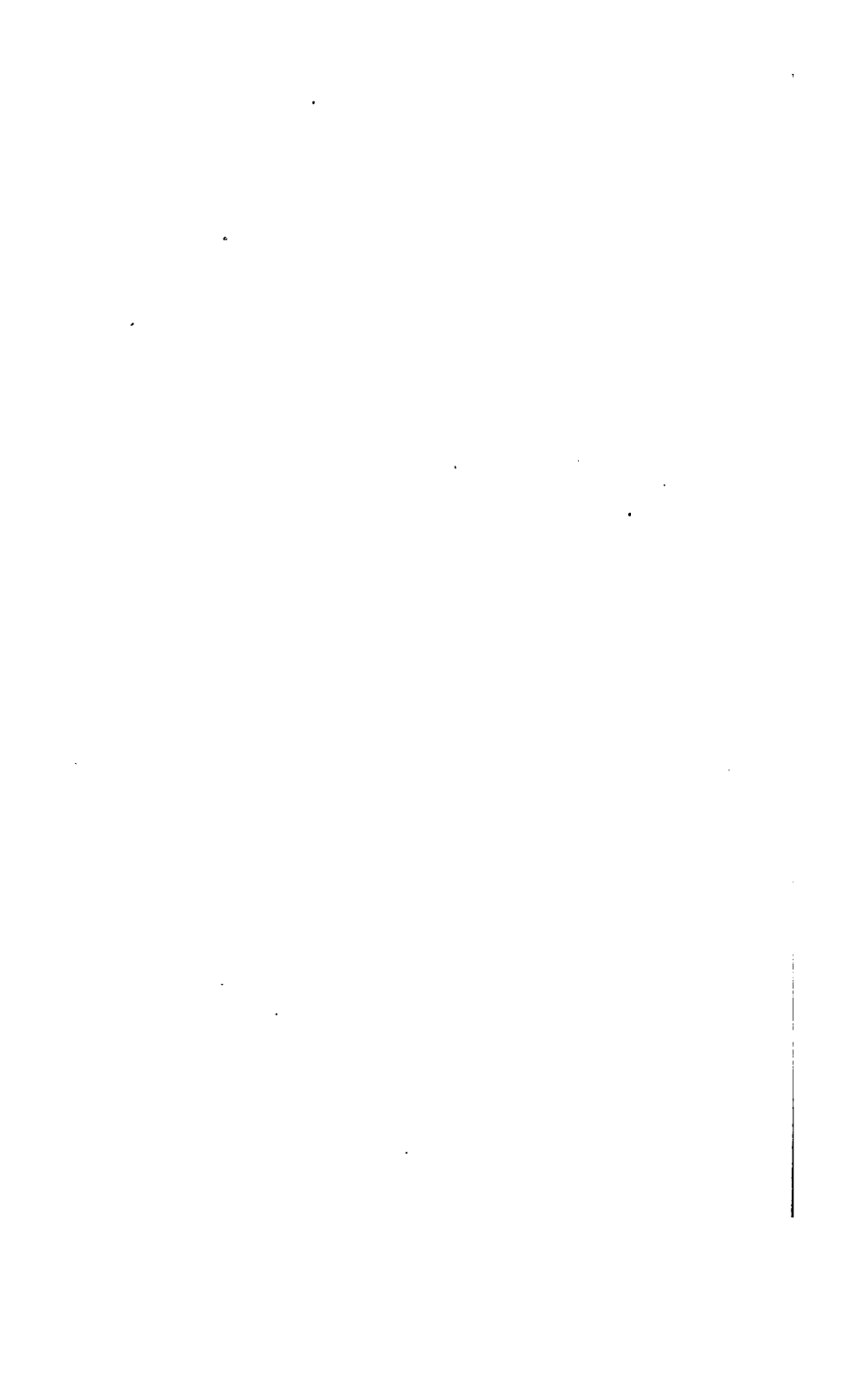
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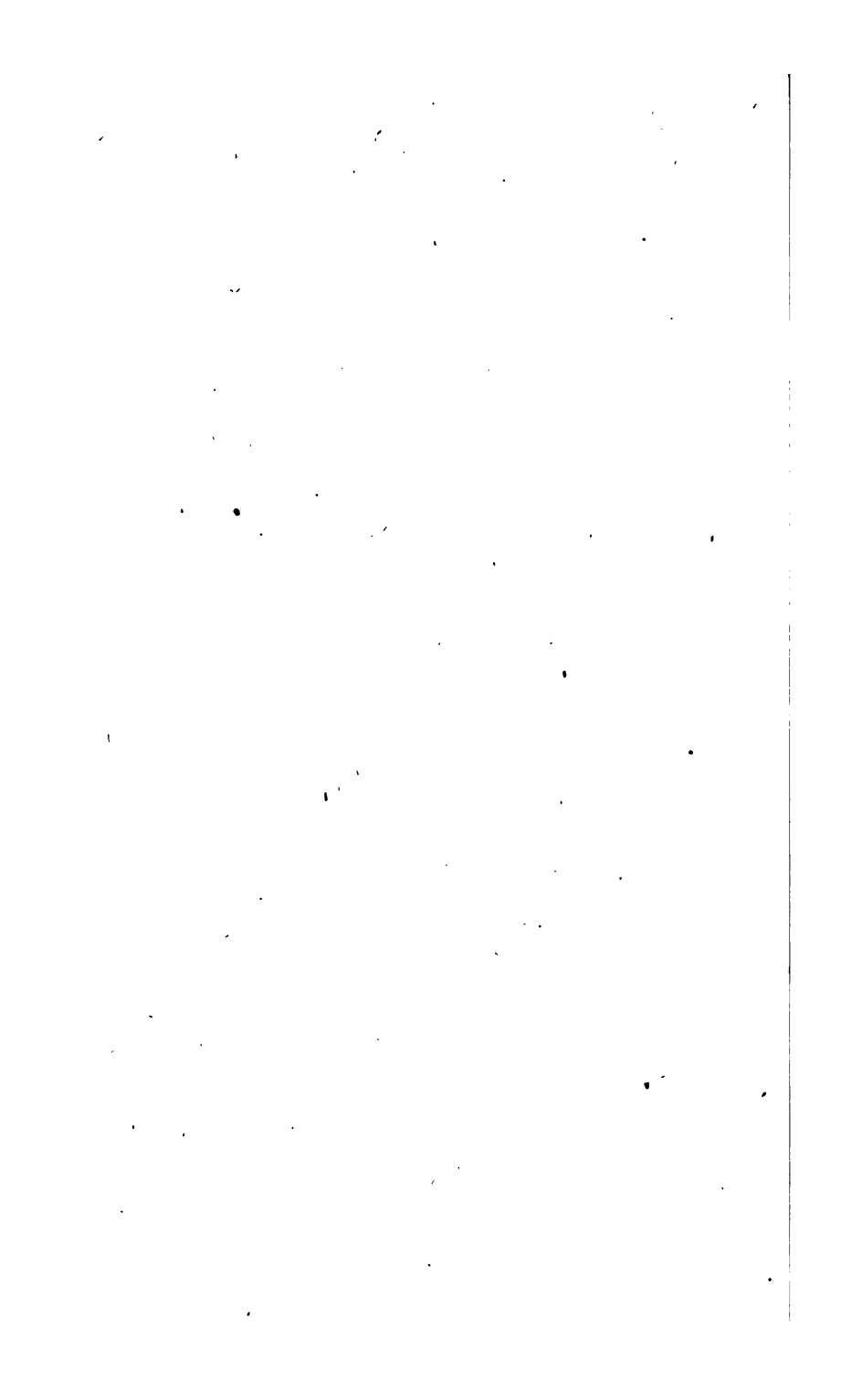
ZETA  
AND OTHER POEMS  
BY  
THOMAS GREENWOOD.



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**ZETA,**  
**HISTORIC GLIMPSES**  
**OF**  
**ENGLAND AND HER SONS,**  
**AND OTHER**  
**P O E M S.**

**BY**  
**THOMAS GREENWOOD.**

**PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR:—**  
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**TODMORDEN: S. W. WALTON, PAVEMENT.**

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**1861.**

*280 c 73*

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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"The following poems were never intended, &c."

"But having been urgently, &c."

"I have, after much hesitation, &c."

"And therefore can scarcely with justice be held responsible for whatever faults the partiality of friends may have been blinded to—"

---

—&c. &c.

"Such" would observe the learned counsel engaged for the prosecution. "Such, will probably be the line of defence adopted by this audacious disturber of the literary equilibrium."

Now, in this the learned counsel aforesaid, though doubtless supported by precedent and long established custom, would greatly err; no such line of defence having been thought of: on the contrary, it is only by having breasted a "sea of difficulties" that the author has been enabled to assert an individual right to pay the duty upon paper, and volunteer as one atom on the ever-changing literary parade ground. But, having done this, there need be no hesitation in declaring that "ambition is satisfied."

A general of division would smile at such humility. The Author lays claim to no dignity; but is content to serve as a soldier of the lowest rank in that amateur army, which, trying to do something, endeavours to do no harm; having regard to the truthful aphorism of the great dramatist.

"The *evil* that men do lives after them."



If such a result has been attained, small is his hope of literary immortality ; for doubtless it is equally true, that

"The *good* is oft interred with their bones."

This is the true "line of defence;" and, having thus disposed of the apologetic and ambitious portions of it, it is proper to recognise the existence of the critical army; and in so doing, it may be mildly suggested, (with a most deprecatory salutation) that glasses of the slightest possible magnifying power will be perfectly available in the present instance, and also (the which no doubt all the various *corps* will carefully consider) most agreeable to the Author's feelings.

Those few *literal* errors, which, notwithstanding careful attention, have been retained, the Author has endeavoured to collect into a sheet of "*errata*," which is appended. He is, however, bold enough to promise that should a SECOND EDITION be called for, they will be found duly corrected.

In further extenuation of all faults and shortcomings, it is submitted that the production of the following "efforts" has been entirely a labour of love. That it has not been allowed to encroach upon any other duty. And, that the offspring of so-called "leisure hours" is but too apt to sympathise with, and contain evidence of, the "tired Nature" (induced by the fulfilment of other duties) of him who calls it into being. When these pleas are duly weighed, perhaps there may be a few, who, not wholly condemning, will extend a friendly greeting to this present representative of

THOMAS GREENWOOD.

TODMORDEN,

June 1st, 1861.

## P R E F A C E.

---

On yonder cliff's lone height,  
High 'mid eternal snows  
Which, play'd on by the light  
Like piled up silver glows,  
    An eagle soared and lived.

Her constant, loving task  
To guard her clam'rous brood ;  
Each morn, or they could ask,  
She brought them eagles' food,  
    Which they with love received.

A dove, with panting breast,  
Which, helpless, to the ground  
Had fallen from its nest  
With broken wing, she found,  
    And straight she bore it home.

Its very weakness prov'd  
Defence most sure and strong ;  
And, by the parent lov'd,  
It nestled 'mong the young,  
    Nor ever wish'd to roam.

That dove, 'mong eaglets there,  
On eagles' food was kept ;  
It grew beneath her care,  
Beneath her wing it slept :  
    Nought could such love excel.

Oft would the eaglets try  
To tempt her, from her bed,  
On broken wing, to fly ;  
While lovingly they spread  
To bear her if she fell.

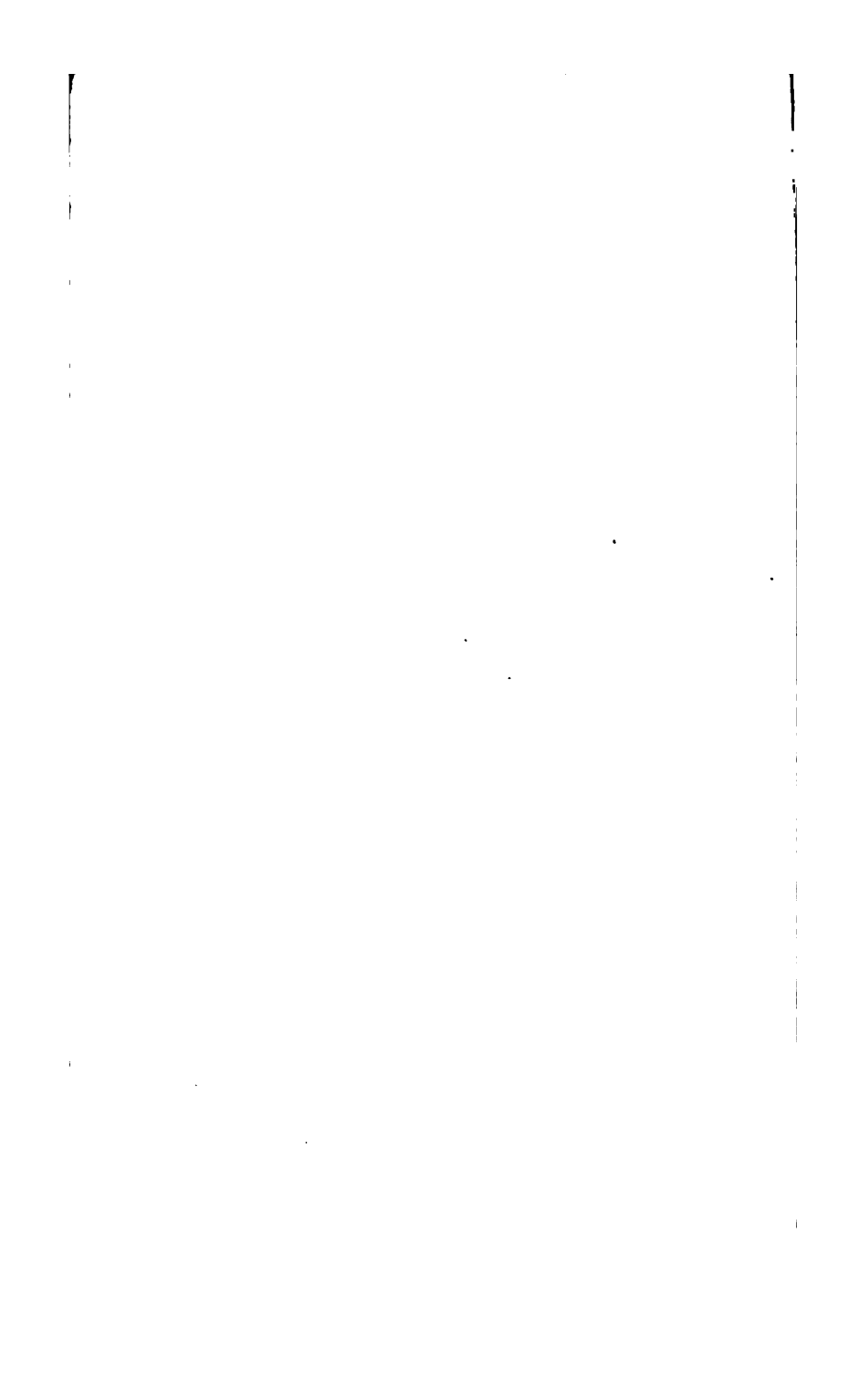
Thus nurtur'd was my muse :  
With trembling she essays  
Her untaught pow'r to use,  
And sing her broken lays,  
Where sweeter songs are known.

Yet, may her efforts move  
The mercy of her foes ;  
As eaglets to the dove,  
Let pity interpose  
To bear her gently down.

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# Z E T A .

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## B O O K I .

---

When sultry heat th' exhausted air expands  
And stirless beauty covers o'er the lands;  
When herds of kine with half-closed eyes are seen  
Contentment chewing, dotted on the green;  
And white fleeced flocks fill up the summer day  
With nibbling feasts and scent of new mown hay;  
When sounds of meadow rills, that run beneath,  
By contrast to the hot and scorching breath  
But fresh oppression give—and languid lies  
The thirsty earth, 'neath azure summer skies;  
And prostrate nature pants for faintest breeze—  
How grateful is the shade, which noble trees  
Chestnut and elm, or that famed forest lord  
Majestic oak, can to the sense afford.

Beneath such ample shade, on such a day,  
A youth and maiden slowly took their way;  
B

Of noble presence he, with air of truth  
And honour stamped, and yet not quite a youth,  
For o'er his face and form of manly cast  
The shades of thirty summer suns had passed :  
His glossy locks were clustered o'er a brow  
Whose whiteness well relieved the bronze below ;  
His hazel eye, too, threw upon her cheek  
A tinge which deepened as she heard him speak ;  
In sooth, a man of fitting mind and form  
To grace fair peace or brave the fiercest storm.

And she—that air of pure confiding love  
With which, with him, she loiters thro' the grove,  
Throws heaven around them! Oh! how passing sweet  
The bliss when youthful weltrid lovers meet  
In scenes like this! The soul shone thro' her eyes  
As shine the stars thro' deep cerulean skies ;  
Her auburn hair in wavy masses strayed  
O'er charms befitting sculptured parian maid :  
Her form was supple beauty—in her face  
Perfection only, could rank envy trace :  
With fairy taste in summer lightness drest,  
A wild red rose bedecked her snowy vest.  
One hand reposed in his—the other held  
A cloud of misty drapery, which revealed  
A sandalled foot coquetting with each flower  
That hung its head and blushed as she passed o'er

In that leafed shade, thus fondly linked, they walked,  
While he in tender modulations talked.  
“And does it seem to thee, my love, so long  
Since we did part?” he said; and then he hung  
Upon her answering words and looks, as though  
A breath might waft him bliss or hopeless woe.  
What answer there he read—true lovers tell!  
We know not, save we judge by what befell.

One long embrace—one kiss—nay then 'tis true  
 She blamed him not—why then should we—or you?

And now in sight her gabled home appears,  
 Crossroofed and rich in proofs of ancient years ;  
 The old stained windows, set in deep-carved stone,  
 Like plates of glittering gold resplendent shone ;  
 And, in the low wide porch, secure from heat  
 Her gray-haired sire enjoyed his favourite seat :  
 With kindly gaze, and urbane, knowing smile  
 He watched their progress up the branch-arched aisle.  
 With 'well-feigned gravity he chid their stay,  
 But smiled as Alice, blushing, tripped away.

When pleasant interchange of words had passed,  
 A look of honest pride the old man cast  
 On Edwin's manly form and face ; and spake  
 Such words as fervent gratitude awake  
 In lovers' breasts ; and then desired that he  
 Would wile the time by tale of land or sea.  
 And while he told in simple guise his tale,  
 By turns the old man's cheek grew red or pale  
 As he proceeded. Alice, too, would oft  
 From other cares, with footsteps light and soft,  
 A minute steal and listen : as he told,  
 In words that thrilled, of gallant deeds and bold.

#### EDWIN'S TALE.

---

"Ye heard the voice which roused the sleeping world,  
 When Britain to the winds her flag unfurled  
 And spake thro' every land or near or far,  
 'Ye sons of liberty, prepare for war !'  
 Beneath a fierce and burning tropic sun  
 The war-voice reached us—passing swiftly on



O'er isles and continents and lakes and seas—  
(A simoom blast borne on a temperate breeze,  
And yet the breath of freedom.) Off that shore  
Whose golden sands, oft drenched in human gore  
And trod by chain-bound feet, gleam in the day,  
With listless, flapping sail our vessel lay.

"Scarce passed the voice, ere din of hurrying feet  
And whistling ropes and creaking yard-arms meet,  
Confused, on every busy deck; and soon  
The graceful canvas wooed the breath of noon.

"When due embrace for short-lived love was o'er,  
Each reckless, brave-souled seaman left the shore  
And love and love's delights;" (here Alice smiled  
And archly said, "Were *your* hours, too, beguiled  
With such short love?" but Edwin shook his head  
And thus went on :) "By hopes of glory led  
And hatred of oppression, that brave band  
Of noble, willing hearts, left Afric's strand.

"A dark-eyed maid (whose southern Spanish blood  
Betrayed, transparent, every varying mood,)  
With coalblack raven hair, and who, 'twas said,  
From some famed Spanish pirate once had fled;  
(While lying off the slave-coast for its heap  
Of living merchandise, she swam the deep  
In darkness and escaped;) had seen and loved  
A brave and gentle youth; 'twas he who proved  
The bravest 'mong that gallant-hearted crew  
In which the sense of fear not one e'er knew.  
'He loved her, too; but stubborn fate, unkind,  
Decreed their parting—she was left behind!

"By Eolus distended, every sail,  
Swift-winged as eagle borne upon the gale,

Flew onward ; and the hoarse and roaring flow  
 Of whitened brine beneath our oakribbed bow  
 Thrown forward, as she ruffled up the deep,  
 Paid angry homage to our gallant ship.  
 And in our wake, far on the curled blue waves  
 Which roll o'er shackled bones and drivers' graves,  
 Like feathery drifts up-piled, careering came  
 The scattered fleet, joined in the race for fame.

" Lorenzo (he that loved the Spanish maid,  
 Her name was ZETA, since the anchor weighed  
 Had silent been and sad ; all knew the cause,  
 But few have sympathy for others' woes,) bade  
 gloom begone and seek another lord  
 When he our captain's trumpet voice had heard  
 Rehearsing how redress for Freedom's wrongs  
 (And vengeance, too,) unto her sons belongs ;  
 And from the crew, too, one long deafening cheer  
 And wild ' Hurrah ' arose and shook the air.

" Thro' calm and storm borne on, we reached at length  
 That proof and monument of nature's strength  
 And England's—proud Gibraltar, bold and tall  
 And rocky, grimly frowning over all.  
 From thence, across that ' utmost ' sea, which rolled  
 And surged, as it doth now, in days of old  
 Beneath a sacred freight, we onward flew ;  
 While fearless hope with strength and courage true  
 Fired every heart. This and the Egean sea  
 With buoyant grace we traversed speedily ;  
 And soon the line of that embattled coast  
 (Which all but trembled 'neath the armed host  
 Assembled there to show a despot's might  
 And hurl defiance in the teeth of right)  
 With rugged outline, like a distant wreath  
 Of narrow mist, rose from the blue beneath.

In that wild Euxine sea was gathered now  
The might that should avenge the coward blow  
Which streaked the golden orient with blood  
And shook the very base where justice stood.

“When banded champions join for Freedom’s cause,  
Avenging spirits hover o’er their foes,  
And madness veils their fate; but he who lives  
In *her* pure light, and feels the strength she gives,  
Is charmed, in fearlessness from death: the plain  
Of blood, the slippery deck, the ghastly slain,  
To him are altars and a sacred ‘host,’  
And he for victory pays the willing cost.  
The moslem crescent with the Cross allied,  
The Infidel and Christian side by side  
In bands of justice bound, and joined in might  
To check aggressive wrong, and urge the right,  
Bids History fairly pause—and she, with stare  
Of intense wonder, doth the fact declare.  
The chivalry which fires the sons of Gaul  
Shook hands with British courage at the call  
Which struggling liberty groaned forth, and now  
Behold them there, prepared to strike the blow!

“Distinct yet distant rests in grim repose  
That fortalice, and bids her numerous foes  
Contemptuous defiance; and, between,  
The symbol of war’s courtesy, is seen  
An unarmed boat, whose milkwhite flag now falls,  
Now rises with the swell, doth near the walls,  
On herald’s message sent: ‘tis this relieves  
The horror of red war, and earnest gives  
Of deeds, ‘mid strife and din of clashing swords,  
Which honour, which humanity records.

“Some thousand eyes await with stedfast gaze,  
The answering signal; changing to amaze

As nought appears above the churlish keep  
 Whose guards in silence watch the constant sweep  
 Of dripping oars and that white flag unfurled,  
 Of loyal faith held pledge throughout the world.

“Before the walls the minished bark doth ride  
 But for a moment—then, across the tide  
 With gallant speed returning, see it dash,  
 And—God of mercy!—see that lurid flash—  
 See! o’er the walls now curls the wreathing smoke;  
 The shattered bark now see—its flagstaff broke.  
 ‘Oh! blackened souls—Farewell!’ then Virtue cried,  
 Oh! deed of darkness, with which, naught beside,  
 Save HANGO and SINOPE, o’er may vie—  
 Trio of crimes—entailing INFAMY.  
 Taurian shades wept tears of deep disgust  
 To see their sons tread honour in the dust.

“That flash coursed thro’ the blood of young and old,  
 And muttered curses o’er the ocean rolled;  
 A quivering, maddening rage burst all control,  
 And ‘justice with revenge,’ fired every soul.  
 In curves of singing swiftness then arose  
 Those thunderbolts that war’s artillery throws  
 And rains destruction with: in graceful sweep,  
 With fiery tongues careering o’er the deep,  
 They clave through air; and falling madly, burst  
 With pregnant death above that spot accursed.  
 The belching fire and clouds of blinding smoke,  
 Well answered each, the mutual rage bespoke  
 Of friend and foe. The horrid missiles came  
 O’erhead, with hissing din and deadly aim.  
 And one—a monster shell, storehouse of death,  
 Fell on our deck. An instant every breath

Grew thick—and but an instant—when, with leap  
Of self-forgetting valour, towards the heap  
Lorenzo sprung, and clasping the dread ball  
With all his strength (while every soul  
Commended him to God !) he reached the side  
And hurled it thence ; which, ere it reached the tide  
Into a thousand fragments burst. 'Twas done !  
That deed, my Alice, all our homage won.  
No more to be condemned as lovesick slave—  
The hearts that truly love throb in the brave ! ”  
“ And thou art brave,” said Alice, with an air  
Of chastened archness, while a crystal tear  
Fell from her dewy eye, (her father smiled  
To note how earnestly she seemed beguiled.)  
“ But misplaced mercy checked destruction’s hand  
And left them half chastised ; at her command  
The fiery vomit ceased—yet keep and tower  
Were wide-mouthed witness to the allied power.

“ Unwilling, yet obeying that command,  
The unfurled sails they spread ; and soon, the land  
Dissolved in distant azure mist ; and far  
O’er crimean waters rolled the tide of war.  
Then, when the hills reverberating shook,  
And shrieks confused, and fearful shouts, awoke  
The hoary silence, they with heart and hand  
Impetuous joined their brethren on the land.

“ In that long siege Lorenzo’s well won fame  
More widely spread ; his actions lit the flame  
Of generous emulation ; for his band  
With him commanding, took an honoured stand  
Among that host of heroes—till a wound  
The hero stretched upon the trembling ground ;

From whence and from th' entrenchment he was borne  
To where lay mangled crowds of like forlorn."

The golden glow by this had disappeared ;  
And through the cool and dusky air was heard  
The low of waiting kine, prepared to yield  
Their milky treasure. From the new mown field  
The sound of merry frolic laughter rang,  
Mixed in the blythe refrains each milkmaid sang.  
As Edwin ceased, the tinkling sheepbells told  
How flocks were gathering in the summer fold.  
Thus he and ALICE and her father kept  
A short and thoughtful silence—broader crept  
The stealthy shadows. Then the old man spoke  
And from their lovers' reverie awoke  
The conscious pair : " How dreadful is the thought  
That one man's madness this destruction wrought ;  
But ev'n as chains make sweeter the release,  
Does war, by contrast, sweeten present peace—  
And now, till after the repast we'll waive  
The remnant of thy tale—which then we'll crave ;  
But first, my daughter, in this gloaming sing  
That song of PEACE, which, like her own fair wing  
May gentle wavings o'er the spirit cast,  
And thoughts of evil banish to the past."

With voice and feeling seldom found combined,  
Of sensitive perfection, as of mind  
And soul, the true result—these words she sung,  
While twilight, lingering, in the wide porch hung :—

#### SONG OF PEACE.

"Have wintry clouds and vapours flown—  
How bright the sun appears ;  
Have rays of Hope's mild radiance shone—  
How changed to joy our fears.

Thus too—when sounds<sup>of</sup> discord cease,  
 And din that battle brings ;  
 How soothing are the notes, which Peace  
 Wafts from her silver strings.

" With peace allied, see commerce rise,  
 And England's greatness show ;  
 That peace-won glory never dies  
 Which knows no envious foe.  
 In fields where Death his harvest reap'd  
 Shall wave the golden grain ;  
 And plenty's store, profuse, be heap'd  
 Where war left heaps of slain.

" While rapturous joy fills every soul,  
 Let music fill the air ;  
 And men, as one united whole,  
 Unite in praise and prayer :  
 The chorus rolls o'er every land,  
 The burthen all increase ;  
 Those nations bless whose aims command  
 A world-wide, lasting PEACE."

Then Alice rose, and from her lover's eyes  
 She stole the light ; and left air, earth, and skies  
 To him a darkened void—for thus, in truth,  
 Falls night or day on eyes of love and youth.  
 And soon were placed around the evening board  
 The cheerful household—plentifully stored  
 And graced with summer bounties ; while around,  
 Thro' th' open casements came the rustling sound  
 And fragrant sweets of sigh'd-on leaves and flowers,  
 And airs, by Ceres filled with golden showers.  
 Tho' slighted virtues were 'gainst man combined,  
 One home like this would leaven all mankind.

Each word and action proved the generous fire,  
The radiating love, which from their sire,  
Who ruled with cheerful dignity the feast,  
Each had received : then, too, to all the rest  
The tale that Edwin told was well explained,  
That they who heard it not might understand  
What yet was left untold. The supper done,  
And reverent thanks unto the Holy One,  
"The giver of all bounteous gifts," being said,  
They each arose, and all, by motive led  
Of interest, drew round ; the maidens brought  
Their varied work, fantastically wrought,  
And plied their tasks in silence. Alice, too,  
Beside her father's chair, half-hid from view,  
Some mystic female handicraft pursued,  
While Edwin thus his half-told tale renewed,

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## BOOK II.

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" WHERE Ebro slakes the thirsty land, and pours  
Her fertile flood between the grassy shores,  
A noble dwelling, reared in stately pride,  
The beauteous landscape and the clear deep tide  
O'erlooks. No scene in sunny, haughty Spain  
Could vie in grace with that far-spreading plain  
Which owned DON ORLOS lord. Well cultured lands,  
Whose plenteous riches back into the hands  
Returned, of wealth and energetic care,  
With grateful increase thro' the smiling year.  
The loaded orchards waved, enclosed by lines  
In graceful sweep, o'ergrown with clustering vines.



The bending grain, or breadth of meadow green,  
In turn filled up the eye-enchancing scene.

“ With looks of wearied care and brow of gloom,  
Don Orlos with impatient step his room  
Of luxury traversed : anon his eye  
Would flash forth vengeance ; or a deep-breathed sigh  
With sorrow laden, would burst bounds—and then  
His face grow stern and eye blaze bright again.  
‘ Ye ministers of my revenge, how long  
Ye rack my patience ! Oh ! that such fell wrong  
Should yet unpunished be ! ’ ’Twas thus he spoke  
And muttered to himself, and then—with look  
Of loving tenderness would pause, and gaze  
Upon a picture there, whose lowest praise  
Was perfect faithfulness. Two forms were there  
With skill portrayed ; the first was passing fair ;  
Wife of his youth and mother of his child,  
Whose winning love had every care beguil’d.  
Italia’s beauty lost its fairest flower  
When she, a youthful bride, Don Orlos bore  
To share his princely state. But ah ! his wealth  
Bribed not insidious death—by cruel stealth  
He drank her life and robbed her cheek’s rich bloom !  
And now, this canvas and a sculptured tomb  
Is all that’s left, save memory’s mirrored tide,  
To tell she was—she lived—she loved—and died.  
The other pictured all the youthful grace  
And budding beauty of the form and face  
Of her, their only pledge of love : she too  
Is gone. Two years before a desperate crew  
Of lawless pirates, in a night of gloom,  
With open boats had up the river come,  
And finding all defenceless, thro’ the grounds  
With fury swept, and all the horrid sounds

Of midnight murder. Roused from peaceful dreams  
By such infernal demons, and the screams  
And shrieks of struggling victims, Orlos fought  
With frenzied madness; (for the night wind brought  
Amongst the rest, his daughter's piteous cries)  
But wounded fell—while she, far from his eyes  
Was borne away—and ribald shouts arose,  
That, dying in distance, mocked his crushing woes.  
Since then, a ship, which bore the flag of Spain  
By royal charter, over every main,  
Like vengeance after sin, hath searched and found  
And chased, and lost again, their track; full round  
A hundred different coasts—till fate at length  
Broke off escape, and brought them strength to strength.  
Full tidings of the hard-won fight, and how  
The remnant were held prisoners, Orlos now  
Had just received: and ere the sun should set,  
The objects of his vengeance and his hate  
Should stand before him. How the dull hours creep!  
While thus he burns and waits, and fain could weep."

"The great hall, hung with grief's most sable hue  
That quenched the light the ruddy sunbeams threw  
Thro' western windows, held a waiting throng  
Of vengeful friends and menials; but not long  
Were doomed to wait. The sounds of tramping feet  
And rattling fetters near approaching, meet  
The eager ear. Apart and gloomy, stood  
Like marble sternness in its coldest mood  
Don Orlos: in his very lonesome grand;  
Like some lone tower waste girt on some lone strand.

"The stalwart seamen now appeared that brought  
The guarded prisoners, who so oft had wrought  
Such deeds of blackness—fettered two and two,  
Except their chief, who walked alone, and who

To outward seeming bore his heavy chain  
As knowing not, or, knowledge were disdain,  
They stood before him ; while hushed stillness reigned,  
And all there gazed upon that line of stained  
And soul-degraded men, with eyes that showed  
Revenge now blazed where former tears had flowed.  
Don Orlos, too, with attitude unchanged,  
And eagle glance that o'er the prisoners ranged  
Like blood-congealing frost, yet stood : no show  
Revealed the stormy thoughts that surged below.

“ At length he brake the silence ; and his words  
Like northern iceblasts swept the heart's warm chords ;  
' This time I bid you welcome. Were you men,  
Or aught but monsters in the scale, 'twere then  
A case of simple justice : ravenous beasts  
And things of blood we but destroy ; their feasts  
Are men's destruction, and their deathhour brings  
A holiday, where goodness laughs and sings !  
Guards, take them hence, and chain them to the floor  
In separate dungeons ! while we learn what more,  
Besides their worthless carcases, ye've brought  
Of all I lost and ye so long have sought ! ’

“ Again, the clank of chains and heavy tread  
Of fettered feet rang thro' the hall ; till, dead  
By distance and the massy dungeon doors,  
The chains lay silent on the prison floors.  
Back, with triumphant steps, the guard returned,  
And from their combined words Don Orlos learned  
Again to hope ; and, breathing life anew,  
He bade them speed on board and urge the crew  
To active zeal. ‘ He would himself prepare  
The hope and dangers of their toils to share.’

“ The first fair wind beheld the showery spray,  
Like liquid pearls, as sped the ship away,

Play round her course; the frothy, milky wake  
And feathery waves, tide-conquering speed bespake.  
Days merged in weeks, and calm flew after storm,  
While spurned the crested waves the driftlike form  
Of that majestic ship. Don Orlos oft,  
Unheeding if the sobbing blast or soft  
And whispering zephyrs ruled around, would watch  
The endless coming horizon, to catch  
With eager eyes the rich but distant coast,  
Where joy should be complete or hope be lost.  
Below lay chained the pirate chief—his hard  
And guilty nature now a due reward  
Doth taste the first of. (All the rest were gone  
To meet the law's awards for dark deeds done.)  
Each day Don Orlos visits him, to seek  
Some confirmation of a hope, so weak  
That rests but on the whisperings overheard  
Amongst their prisoners, by the Spanish guard:  
But he, fell ruffian, spurns the father's prayers,  
And laughs in scorn when reason's words he hears.  
Thro' days and nights they breasted thus the waves  
And cleaved the sunlit blue, whose limit laves  
The golden coast; which, rising far away,  
They saw, and ere long reaching, close to lay."

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### BOOK III.

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"THOSE principles that elevate the soul  
And show its angel kinship; that control

The baser mixtures born of selfish earth :  
Whose fulblown action constitutes the worth  
Which heaven smiles on, often obscured lie  
Like beauty drest in gaudy finery.

“As golden trappings on chaste beauty’s form,  
So to the soul is pride ; but let the storm  
And wind of winter blow ; ’tis then we see  
Thro’ ragged want, her perfect symmetry.  
If born to luxury and reared for power,  
Too oft do pride and indolence obscure  
The strength of latent goodness. Thus o’erlaid  
Had been the youthful promptings of the maid  
Called ZETA, whom Lorenzo loved. She grew  
In outward beauty ; but indulgence threw  
A shade of haughtiness and cold disdain  
Around her heart ; and flattery made her vain.  
By midnight ruffians relentless torn  
From all her youthful heart held dear, and borne,  
’Mid ‘ribald laughter’ to the slaver’s hold :  
This was her winter blast—so chill and cold,  
It swept false pride away—and woke the strings  
To whose deep harmony responsive springs  
Unselfish sympathies ; which shakes disdain  
Till, cloudlike, it dissolves in fruitful rain.  
Then love, like genial sunshine, pierced the frost  
And warmed away the mist : while goodness, lost  
Till ’th incubus was moved, with new life sprung  
And gave those mental graces ever young.  
When duty called Lorenzo far away  
To fight for freedom ; tho’ love bade him stay,  
She yielded him to honour, with such faith  
As triumphs over distance, time, and death.  
Since then, with noble fortitude and zeal  
Each day hath found her minist’ring to the weal

Of minds and souls benighted. Thus, the seed,  
 The germ of good, long choked, in this her need  
 Brought forth a plenteous harvest; doubly crowned  
 With blessings on herself and all around.  
 Her softened eye, that erst flashed living light,  
 Like burnished gleams across the vault of night,  
 A steady ray of chastened faith sent forth;  
 And ev'ry action spake of purest worth.

"Within a spacious, cool and green retreat,  
 By broadleaved shade secure from tropic heat,  
 Her throng of ebon scholars came each day  
 To hear her teachings, and with love obey.

"The breadth of undulating gold and blue  
 And silver surf, lay here within her view;  
 'Twas here Lorenzo's last sad look was cast,  
 From hence she saw Lorenzo's bark the last,  
 And that faint line yet linked her to the past. }  
 'Mid wild luxuriance here each day she taught;  
 The air a thousand mingled perfumes brought:  
 Unnumbered hues of gorgeous plants and flowers,  
 And gold-winged birds, and songs, filled up the hours.  
 But oft, a stifled sob or quivering sigh,  
 Or vacant fixing of the tearfilled eye,  
 Would tell that memories of her far-off home  
 And friends, and love, with crushing weight had come.  
 With eye thus fixed, but sight bent inward, she  
 In abstract mood sat gazing on the sea;  
 In reverie sunk—material things forgot—  
 The sea, birds, trees, and flowers, to her—were not.  
 So long she thus remained, that, one by one,  
 In simple awe the darkskinned throng was gone.  
 Still memory's phantasms held her in their thrall,  
 And present sense and feeling slept thro' all.

"Thus mingled in her dream, once more she knew  
Things long since past; she saw the pirate crew.  
Her capture, her escape—at this, her heart  
With sudden terror leapt—and with a start  
The vision vanished—but not so her fear!  
Upon the very spot, stood bold and clear  
Against the azure sky, each tapering mast  
And rope and sail, which in her thought had cast  
Such terror o'er her soul. But fear gave room  
To newborn fluttering hope (as light on gloom  
It followed in her breast) when once again  
Her eye beheld and knew—the flag of Spain.

"On such a day, and in just such a place,  
Once every beauty met with every grace  
And joined their powers; that, perfect might appear  
A shape expressing mingled hope and fear—  
An eager, intent look—but fixed as death—  
With rosy lips apart, and quickened breath  
But half-subdued—half-forward bent—  
With one light fairy foot thrown back, intent  
On instant flight—the sculptured neck half bare—  
While one small lovely hand held back the hair,  
Half-loosed, of raven darkness. But the face,  
The full expression crowned, of startled grace.

"Thus they portrayed it—and so ZETA stood:  
A living statue of the selfsame mood.  
She stands, tho' voices strange the slope ascend,  
Still, as one spellbound waiting for the end.  
And nearer yet the heavy, steady tread,  
Which marks discipline, to the entranced maid  
Approached: and, too, with every step was heard  
The sound of clanking chains; and soon appeared,  
Confused amid the trees, an armed band,<sup>1</sup>  
Which suddenly at some unheard command

Stood still within her view. A gasping sense  
Of coming madness seized her, so intense  
Her horror was : the pirate chief was there,  
First cause of all her misery and despair,  
But chainlocked hand and foot—he stood alone,  
While fronting him a line of men, each one  
With levelled musket waited for a sound,  
That sound a voice that thrilled the air around  
And brake the spell which held her moveless there,  
As thus it spake : ‘Thou man of blood, prepare!’  
One frantic shriek she gave, and would have said,  
‘My father!’ but sank fainting as one dead.  
That bristling levelled line, at ZETA’s cry,  
Fell from its aim ; and one rushed swiftly by  
(’Twas ORLOS) to where ZETA stonelike slept.  
‘My child ! My child !’ He bowed his head and wept.  
With anxious tenderness he knelt, and fanned  
Her terror-moistened brow : while round, the band  
Of sailors waiting her revival stood  
In steadfast silence and in pitying mood.

“Who knows the transport of awakening bliss  
From night of blank despair—the thankfulness  
May gauge, which ZETA’s father’s bosom swelled,  
And ZETA’s, too, when to his breast he held  
Once more his daughter. Nor need all be said  
That ZETA told him : nor how he repaid  
Her blushing confidence. For memory’s sake  
He smiled when she of her Lorenzo spake.  
All this I count superfluous, and proceed  
As history’s true events in order lead.

“The pirate chief, who oft had made that coast  
A scene of widespread desolation, lost  
His fierce and dogged courage, when the crowd  
Of deep-wronged natives breathing vengeance loud



(Whom ORLOS had convened) bore him away  
 To feed long waiting justice with : and stay  
 The hideous appetite which fear and hate  
 Do whet revenge to in such savage state.  
 DON ORLOS waited not the end, (yet still  
 The black barbarians point to ZETA's hill,  
 Where hang the murderer's bones, and tell with pride  
 How long in pain he lingered ere he died,)  
 But straight shook out the sails with eager speed,  
 Which, quick expanding, bent like supple reed  
 Each tall and taper mast ; and joyous bore  
 With lifelike boundings from the tragic shore,

" If Orlos erst with loving pride beheld  
 His daughter's beauty—now that she revealed  
 Those graces which adversity had wrought  
 And formed, and to such rich perfection brought  
 Of mental worth and constancy ; his love  
 Its tenderness and strength essayed to prove  
 By granting every wish or thought exprest ;  
 Or if half-known, divining all the rest.  
 He knew what empire love has over youth,  
 And wisely tempted not its virgin truth  
 To hide itself beyond deceit : but straight  
 To find the youth resolved, or know his fate.

" O'er sunny ripples, or in tempests tost,  
 The gallant ship sped on. At length that coast,  
 Whose rocky barriers give to freedom's home  
 Its proper aspect, loom'd above the foam.  
 That land they reached, whose sons are dedicate'  
 Ere born, to pioneer the path where Fate  
 Stands beckoning to bewildered nations—there  
 Did ans'ring Hope reward her faith and prayer.

## BOOK IV.

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"FROM histories penned by men, of passions like  
 But differing sympathies, full oft may strike  
 The thoughtful student an impartial vein,  
 Like thread of melody amid a skein  
 Of complicated sounds; but oftner still,  
 Some undue emphasis amid the swell  
 Of many mixed up parts, his eager ear  
 Drinks in; and links with others heard as clear,  
 (The clearer and more false if out of course)  
 Not tuneless with the rest, but wrong in source.  
 The grasp of mind which can eliminate  
 The true unbroken thread thro' every state  
 Of complex modulation, is not lent  
 To man; whose threescore chances oft are spent  
 Or ere he learns their use. A court there is,  
 Composed of THEY who know men's consciences,  
 Which writes a history, that, when finished, will  
 The world's great epic in its truth reveal.  
 Made up of many parts (for every man  
 Will find his portrait there) the mighty plan  
 Will as a perfect whole most perfect be,  
 And seeming discords meet in harmony.  
 One scene from that vast book would well be known  
 Could we but view it; for it stands alone  
 In its intensity of light and shade:  
 One which the world hath once already read—  
 An atmosphere where blessings fills the air!  
 Know, SCEPTIC, ev'ry breath is laden there—  
 Behold the leaden eye, with sudden light  
 Illumed; see sunken features, worn and white,

The hue of life once more suffuse; to fade  
 (As rushing to the heart for further aid)  
 Again to ghastliness. The tremulous moan  
 Of torment, sink into the heart-breathed tone  
 Of fervent thankfulness. The wandering tongue  
 (Impelled by fretful weakness and the throng  
 Of hidden memories evoked, and train  
 Of endless phantasms in the fevered brain)  
 As struck by sudden recollection, cease  
 Its pitiful revealings; and, in peace,  
 Sink softly silent. Oh! what power is there  
 To soothe and comfort, and lead back to pray'r,  
 The souls grown reckless. See, throughout the aisles  
 (Dispensing consolation with such smiles  
 As none, but in such deeds engaged, could wear)  
 That flock of gentle ones. O world, look here!  
 O man! and shall this picture of the past  
 Stand unrelieved, to prove thee at the last  
 So bankrupt in thy duty to thy kind?  
 For war, O man! how much hast thou resigned!

" Full many winter months did ZETA here  
 Their nursing toils, and ceaseless vigil share;  
 From couch to couch for many a weary night,  
 'Neath lamps of pale and feebly glimmering light;  
 Like healing spirit, thro' the shadowy place  
 Would ZETA glide, with pity in her face—  
 Such graceful kindness over all she cast,  
 The weary sufferers blessed her as she passed.  
 But one—her goal was always. Need I say,  
 My friends, that he who was that goal, who lay  
 And drank returning strength from her kind hand  
 Was he who loved her in a tropic land?  
 But ne'er did lover's bower, thro' all the length  
 Of tropic line, such evidence of strength

In act and word, of love devoted see  
As here between these lovers passed ; while he  
Thro' all the stages of a slow return  
Came back, from portal of man's last dark bourn !  
And oft, when round of duty would resign  
From camp or trench or foe-encroaching mine,  
Some brother soldier (for the jacket blue  
Or mantle red, lay over hearts that knew  
And served one common duty, ship and tent  
Their choicest heroes for the strife had blent)  
Or sometimes two or more, of rank diverse  
But bravery equal, they with kind converse  
And manly sympathy would soothe his woes  
With generous abnegation of repose.  
No wonder that, with love and friendship joined,  
And life, to fight his cause with death—combined,  
They overcame the black mysterious shade  
Who, thence had thousands to his realms conveyed.

“ No period so exquisite in life  
As that, when face to face with death, the strife  
Has ended in th' grim foe's flight—and thrills  
The flood refined thro' th' veins like living rills—  
Fresh hold he takes upon the chain of years  
Which nigh had alipt his grasp—and, bidding fears  
And shapeless fancies wait some other guest ;  
Treads forth into the future—Hope imprest.

“ Thus he grew strong—the weary couch of care  
And sickness, lent unto the purer air  
And freedom of his lengthening walks, new power  
Which he in youth and health ne'er dreamt before.  
And strength stern duties brought ; and honour, too.  
Awaited him a ship and gallant crew ;  
Promotion frankly given as nobly earned ;  
Most loyal deeds with royal thanks returned.

Short space the mandate left for friendship's claims,  
Which called him to his rank among the names  
Of England's naval heroes. Shorter yet  
Had better been ! But who shall vanquish fate ?  
The morrow being Sabbath, and the day  
That followed, calling him once more away,  
He took of ZETA one fond short adieu,  
And soon unto the distant camp he drew.  
What depth of grief must overwhelm them yet ;  
For since that parting, they have never met !

" Most generous gratulations met the tale  
Of health restored and rank conferred ; ' All hail '  
(Said they) ' this proof that merit's not forgot ! '  
They honour'd his deserts, and envied not.  
But ere the morn, the sentry's ' call to arms ! '  
And thousand incidents of war's alarms,  
All feeling banished for the sacred day  
But that of joining in the coming fray.  
The rest is told, save how when all was o'er,  
'Mong piled-up heaps of bodies drenched in gore,  
LORENZO's friends long sought him—but in vain—  
They found him not ! nor was he 'mong the slain."

Here Edwin paused, while yet on every face  
Expectancy sat earnest ; and the space  
Of speaking stillness was filled up with sound  
(By nimble fingers) of the maidens round  
In stiching dull monotony, as though,  
All else being silent, they should faster go.  
He seemed in reverie, as if some thought,  
Abstract and long-forgotten, had been brought  
By busy memory from the dim retreat  
And dusty silence of its hermit-seat.  
The pertinacious chirp and pedal song  
Of an itinerant cricket, too, the throng

Now heard the beauty of, and which, *till* now  
 (Like humble worth, which always has to bow  
 To loftier pretensions) had in vain  
 Polite attention claim'd to his *free* strain.  
 And here, while Edwin in his reverie waits,  
 We hang a moral. All the four estates  
 Are most severely welcome to't. 'Tis this,  
 "Give all things place, let all enjoy the bliss  
 Inherent in self-love!" "The man of mind  
 His fellow-cricket of a 'slewer' kind  
 Too oft contemns; and *all* too oft forget  
 That merit is comparative; that ev'ry state  
 Gives to its tenant duties to fulfil.  
 That merit's not in talent, but in will!"

Mysterious and strange that subtle beam  
 Which permeates with pale prophetic gleam  
 To wakened thought, that darkly seems confused  
 To find its way thro' labyrinths long disused—  
 Mysterious and strange! As comes the day  
 To opening eye of sense; so seems this ray  
 With stealing light within the cell to rise  
 Where, vain, the restless tossing tenant tries  
 For outer freedom—strange, from whence proceeds  
 The shimmering dawn by which the spirit reads,  
 Half conscious, what to sense is yet unknown,  
 Past present boundary o'er th' future thrown.  
 "Nor was he 'mong the slain!" Words spoken last  
 Had sent his memory diving 'mid the past,  
 And by some strange commingling mental pow'r'  
 Seem'd linked with unknown something yet in store;  
 While whispers gradual among the rest  
 Had grown to gentle murmuring tones; the zest  
 Of conversation being EDWIN's tale,  
 Which hearing, had each maiden's cheek turned pale.

And still, unnoting how with furtive gaze  
They watched him, EDWIN wandered 'mid the maze  
Of dreamy thought, which ended with a shock  
And start prophetic, as a loud firm knock  
From th' outward and yet open door was heard :  
Thro' which, an instant after, there appear'd  
A manly, tall, and stately form, bedight  
In dress that glittered in the glancing light.  
"A stranger's claim," he courtly said, "I bear  
For pardon of my rudeness, entering here  
Unseemly and abrupt ; but fain would know  
Thro' medium of your kindness (for full slow  
Doth ignorance proceed howe'er she tries)  
How far from hence an Inn or Hostel lies ?"  
But ere could ready courtesy awake  
And proper answer give, uprose and spake,  
With beaming look of gladness and with hand  
Outstretch'd in welcome, EDWIN, while with bland  
But curious gaze the rest sat still and saw  
The eager greeting. "Be it mine to show,  
Thou dear and longlost friend, that gratitude  
And admiration are not yet so rude  
And churlish in their nature, as would be,  
If I, LORENZO, did not welcome thee,  
And in such guise as friendship's force is drest  
Compel thee to my home, with me to rest."  
Then to the Master turning, "May I crave  
Your brief indulgence for the friend I have  
Erewhile made mention of but not beheld  
Since parted from him on the battlefield ?"  
With sailor frankness, yet with polished air  
That wins respect from men and woos it from the fair,  
Lorenzo bowed his thanks, as all, with look  
And gesture bade him "Welcome ;" and while spoke  
Benignantly the old man cheerful : "Let,"  
He smiling said, "me urge you, throw the weight

Away of Edwin's suit. LORENZO's name  
Needs here no pleader to secure its claim  
To most respectful sympathies : and all  
Who hear me now, will to the call  
Most cordially respond with me, my son,  
Not more as EDWIN's friend than as their own."  
In words wellpoised LORENZO brief replied,  
And Alice with most winning grace, beside  
Her father's seat, where she herself had been  
Made room, her father and herself between,  
Where EDWIN joined them. Then, with air demure,  
But mutual glance of archness, speaking pure  
Eve-gifted mirth and sauciness, the maids  
Put by their work, and joined their giddy heads  
In giggling conclave one brief minute, ere,  
Like chattering sparrows fluttering in the air  
Which swift disperse, they went with footsteps light  
To end the labours of the summer night.

Another hour thus flew, and in that hour  
Lorenzo told a tale of graphic power  
And mingled melting pathos. On that day  
Whose sabbath stillness ushered in the fray ;  
In one o'erwhelming rush the foe had passed  
Within their outer line. As waves are cast  
By sudden fury on some bouldered coast  
Then quick retire, so he, among them tost  
As they fell back, was, like some parted stone  
On that same coast, amid the foemen thrown,  
And swept by force of the retiring tide  
A prisoner in the ranks which vain had tried  
Brute force 'gainst British courage. Since, immured  
In prisons various, he had endured  
As best he might, a prisoner's lot ; and then  
Of ZETA how he'd thought, despairing when,



Or ever, they might meet. And how, one morn,  
When months of dragging, slow despair, had worn  
Their heavy way across his weary heart,  
His jailor stood before him. "We must part!"  
He said, and then, without another word,  
He gave LORENZO back his welcome sword  
And led him forth. "And this," Lorenzo said,  
"Was new, fresh life to one so wellnigh dead.  
The sense of freedom and the hope, once more  
Of"—here he paused. "My friends, whate'er in store  
For me the future has, I know not, yet  
My soul is restless for my ZETA's fate!"  
But Edwin here spoke words which soothed his mind,  
And told him ORLOS and his daughter joined  
Their prayers to him, should he LORENZO see  
Or hear of, he would write them instantly;  
And that, till now, for his (LORENZO's) sake  
They quit not England—so resolved to take  
Full surety of his life or death are they—  
To-morrow's joy should gild the dark to-day!"

Here, time became imperious—at least  
LORENZO thought so—howe'er love may feast  
And strengthen failing patience in one breast,  
Or two, some four or five will find a stint  
Of aliment. Thus Edwin took the hint,  
And with it took his leave. LORENZO, too,  
Departed with him, after warm adieu  
From Alice and her father. At the gate  
He found he yet for Edwin had to wait,  
Who by some mystery was yet behind.  
This, doubtless, might to some appear unkind  
If unexplained. Not so LORENZO thought,  
Who smiled as Edwin joined him, but said naught!

## BOOK V.

How different is the sleep which locks each sense  
 Of childhood, youth, and virgin innocence,  
 From that which seals the portals of the brain  
 And sets the conscience free to count the gain,  
 Or loss, of waking guilt! How holy seems  
 The place where youth and virtue sleeps and dreams!  
 Call we this "dreaming?" That pure essence mark,  
 Which takes her form and shape, and thro' the dark  
 In spirit-person glides. Her thought walks forth  
 The spirit-image of herself; while earth  
 The grosser portion of her being keeps:  
 Her soul on wings—while here she lies and sleeps.  
 Such shapes impalpable, while sense lies locked  
 By sleep, on land or on the ocean rocked,  
 Their airy wanderings take. As thus they rove,  
 The shade of beauty in the thought of love  
 Its lover's shadow meets, and, in mid space,  
 In loving ecstasy, and such embrace  
 Of blending happiness as mortal sense  
 Knows naught of, join—so pure 'tis and intense.  
 These all the soul's *acts* are; and strange it seems  
 That maids and men should, waking, call them "dreams!"

His truant self returned to where he lay.  
 Lorenzo instant woke to opening day:  
 Her purer essence, too, returned to where  
 That sleeping form so silent lies and fair.  
 Like subtle spirit, quick incarnate takes  
 Upon itself—and straight our ZETA wakes:  
 Communion pure as spirit-love, has been  
 Their so-called dreamings thro' the night serene.

Bright earnest of some coming joy, is now  
 The light which sits enthroned on her fair brow;  
 True index of a love's pure fire, now lies  
 This summer morning, in his lovelit eyes.

While Eos, maid of royal chambers, sweeps  
 And garnishes, and all in order keeps;  
 Imperial guards, in purple, rich array,  
 The gold-clad escort of the god of day,  
 Have summon'd forth—and He (each morning crowned),  
 His royal path has entered, stretching round.  
 His vassal worlds. Attended thus, his car  
 Rolls through the eastern gates; and every star,  
 Itself a monarch thro' the lesser night,  
 Retires eclipsed before his growing light.  
 How swift to th' western entrance of night's gloom  
 To some poor dreading wretch, awaiting doom,  
 His time and course appear. How slow to move,  
 To him who waits upon the thorns of love  
 To pluck the rosy hour, he loitering seems; [beams!  
 'Gainst death how bright—how dull 'gainst hope's bright

While thus, thro' his illimitable realms,  
 Whose vastness all of finite mould o'erwhelms  
 To scan or contemplate, this king goes forth,  
 LORENZO, drawn by coursers which the earth  
 Disdainful spurn, while reek their foam-flecked sides,  
 O'er tortuous long-stretched roads impetuous rides,  
 Nor reck's of danger in the swift career  
 Which, charioteer'd by EDWIN, brings him near  
 (Too slow for his impatience) to the goal  
 Of hope and love and joy—of earthly all.

Through landscape scenes of English beauty bright,  
 Past banks made lovelier by the glimpse of white,

But half-hid cottages embowered in nooks .  
 Of rural loveliness. Past singing brooks  
 Whose silvery ripples 'neath the brown-ripe grass  
 Of waving meadows, like the sound of glass  
 Made musical by fairy fingers, brought  
 Refreshing sweetness to the ears they caught.  
 Through lanes of blossomed hedges, whose perfume  
 Was Nature's purest incense. Past the bloom  
 Of ripening orchards, whence the sound of blythe  
 And jocund laughter came. The keen-edged scythe  
 With vigorous rustling sweep they frequent heard.  
 Oft, filled with wanton humour, which appeared  
 In emulative race, some frisky steed  
 Would bound along with wild and headlong speed  
 Till stopped by boundary of his rich domain :  
 His neck high arched—his loose and flying mane .  
 And fiery eye displays the scorn he feels,  
 As, snorting, he with most exuberant heels  
 The warm unconscious air doth spurn. Past these  
 And myriad beauties that no eye e'er sees  
 In lands less blest than England, they  
 Evanishing successive, held their way.

Not 'neath the sunshine of her native Spain :  
 Not in a Pirate Ship across the main,  
 A lawless prize. Not on the golden coast  
 Where love and hope were found and well-nigh lost :  
 Nor as a sister in a gentle band  
 Of minst'ring angels on a war-dyed strand :  
 As none of these our ZETA now we meet—  
 Tho' lovely ever—yet in this retreat  
 Of quiet English beauty lovelier still,  
 (A picture perfect as of old might thrill  
 With passion's fire some wandering son of light  
 And check with magnet power his heavenward flight,)

We see her, ere the heralds of the king  
 To western gates their proclamation bring.  
 In pensive negligence, beneath a shade  
 Which growth of unknown years to heat hath made  
 All but impervious : as once before  
 In shade far distant on an outraged shore  
 We saw her. Yet not now so heavy seems,  
 As then, the texture of her waking dreams.  
 There, memory unblest with hope, was hers ;  
 Here, hope and sympathy dry memory's tears.  
 She sits, her burnished hair flung loosely down,  
 With ribbon of her lyre amongst it thrown,  
 Like band of golden light on glittering jet ;  
 While play her fingers o'er the jewelled fret.  
 Anon a chord subdued and soft is caught,  
 As tho' the echo of a distant thought ;  
 Or varying as that straying thought returns  
 Elate with fancy, or in doubt that mourns,  
 In chastened cadence swells or sighs along ;  
 Then joins the soul the lyre in words of song :

" Though Fame with all her brazen tongues,  
 And Glory with her crimson pride ;  
 And Victory with her peans and songs,  
 Be all in praise of war allied—  
     War stern and merciless—  
 With voiceless hosts of ev'ry land,  
 Who, garner'd by Death's icy hand,  
 In silence join my strain—I'll stand ;  
     My song shall be of peace ! "

Poor ZETA ! heart of purity ! the soul  
 Indeed is willing, but its sage control  
 The bursting heart will spurn. O anxious fears !  
 She bends her lovely head o'er falling tears—

But hark! What sound arrests her?—None but *one*  
That theme could recognise, and thus could join :

“With they whose breath exhales in sighs,  
O’er wither’d wreaths of Hope’s gay flow’rs ;  
With all o’er whom so varied flies  
All covering time, in creeping hours—  
Or minutes wing’d by bliss—  
With all the scathed of war’s red fires,  
With Nature’s vast united choirs ;  
Whose theme, upborne, to Heav’n aspires—  
My song shall be of peace !”

O hope—O certainty—as swells the strain,  
She knows *Æ* lives for her and love again ;  
With louder chords, but trembling fingers, she  
Her voice supports in answering melody :

“With ev’ry prisoner, far from love  
And home and friends, alone and sad ;  
With all whose wearied thoughts will rove  
With fond deceit to bear him aid  
And magic of release—  
With all whose love like mine shall last  
And live, till Hope herself hath cast  
Her beams thro’ Heaven’s portals vast—  
My song shall be of peace.”

“My ZETA !” O! the very depth of love  
And yearning tenderness, breathed thro’ the grove  
In these two words—and ere the sound was past,  
Her lover held her on his manly breast,  
Where she, joy fluttered heart, all trembling hung  
With lips that gasped “LORENZO,” tho’ her tongue  
Refused to shape to words her panting sighs—  
She hung there—while he looked into her eyes

And she in his—as if their souls would pour  
Each into each their soft ecstatic store.  
'Tis vain—weak, weak are words to tell the strength  
Of such all-conquering love : although at length,  
When to her virtuous blushings, and her grace  
Of maiden modesty, their first embrace  
Had yielded, language found her proper sphere  
A sinecure by no means ; for, as near  
Unto perfection as our ZETA shows,  
'Tis as a perfect woman. And no cause  
Of love, or joy, or grief, may long abridge,  
Much less usurp—this natural privilege.  
But words are beauteous only as their stress  
And varying music doth the ear impress  
With force of that emotion wherein lies  
The fervid eloquence of soft-drawn sighs,  
Or silent glance of happiness. Thus toned,  
Delicious meanings in each word were found  
Which words themselves contain not. At her feet,  
While they reclined upon their grassy seat,  
Her lyre forgotten lay. To her rapt ears  
The mingling harmonies of heavenly spheres  
Would sound a dull intrusion ; as he tells,  
With fond caressings, how the heart rebels  
Against a prisoner's seeming hopeless lot ;  
But all so gently that her heart knows not  
A greater anguish than the present joy  
Of his return absorbs as calm alloy.  
And she too had her " storie," but its course  
(Forsooth for lovers' courtesy) by force  
Of tender pressings to LORENZO's side,  
To which (O candour ! ) she with smiles replied,  
Would often pause. Her tale in archness dressed  
To him convey'd much more than she expressed ;  
He knew her perfect truth and artlessness  
And bless'd her every word ; for on her face

Confession of such earnest love would break  
As she, though truthful, willing would not speak.  
And when she of her father spake, his heart  
Grew full ; for EDWIN had rehearsed the part  
Which love in ORLOS took, that wealth should be  
Least gauge of love to gain his liberty—  
She naught reserved—then, smiling at her theme,  
She told how hope had fed upon a dream ;  
Which was, that as she sleeplessly did lie  
In dark unrest of fear-born prophecy ;  
'Mid all the gatherings of Night's sable brood,  
Evoked by fancy in a mournful mood ;  
And vague, unquiet wishings for the morn :  
She by some strange and *unfelt* power was borne,  
Or else (tho' which she knew not) that it lay  
Within herself, but strange, come whence it may,  
'Twas power, sustained by which, the airy void  
Was buoyant as the element enjoyed  
By huge Leviathans, whose massy forms  
Find pastime in the rage of ocean storms.  
And as she floated upward, dark as doom  
And still as Nature's funeral was the gloom  
Which thickly filled all space. Sole sentient one  
She seemed unto herself, in all that lone  
Bewildering, soundless world of night,  
Thro' which, till ages seemed absorbed in flight,  
She passed in silent blackness. Then she knew  
The power the Enemy possessed, that through  
Such boundless waste of woe, she in despair  
Might rashly welcome evil : but her prayer,  
Which never ceased, had him yet powerless kept—  
Then, how the elements no longer slept ;  
Their calm to wavelike undulations changed,  
And through the threatenings of a tempest ranged.  
Thus waiflike on the airy ocean tost,  
All memory and thought in terror lost ;



Through longer ages of more hideous night,  
She passed in stormy and continued fight.  
Oft, arrows of red lightning would reveal  
Gigantic phantoms—such as might congeal  
The fount of mortal life; and once she thought,  
When sudden in a whirling eddy caught,  
She felt as of a passing wing the sweep;  
And something, voice or thunder, spake with deep  
And awful emphasis, "I am thy Fate,"  
"Read thou thy future in thy past estate;  
Thy present owns my power!" But her firm faith  
Saw thro' the vail which masked a moral death,  
And so her prayer continued. Still 'mid winds  
And shrieks as if ten thousand baffled fiends  
With lightning speed rushed after her, she flew;  
And all the terrors of the tempest grew,  
And rushing sounds, more awful—till at length  
The sphere of nature yielded to its strength  
And, loud dislodging, vanish'd! But not she  
Did vanish in the crash—for instantly  
She seemed in calm ethereal space to be  
At downy ease in blest serenity.

So exquisite the change to sense of peace,  
And excellent the ravishment of bliss;  
And so elysian felt sweet repose,  
Of perfect rest succeeding recent woes;  
That not at first she noted in the far  
Incalculable distance, that a star  
Of singular and intense brilliance gleamed.  
Which ever, if her gaze but wandered, seemed  
As in such easy interval its light  
Grew nearer and more gloriously bright—  
But soon entranced and fixed became her gaze  
Upon the piercing splendour of its rays;

Which onward with such dazzling lustre came  
 As, if continued, must her feeble frame  
 And sense annihilate. So ran her thought  
 When, lo! another change the vision wrought—  
 The glowing, orbwheeled chariot stood still,  
 And blazed like glory on some crested hill  
 Whose base is lost in distance. And she saw  
 (And gazed the while with wonderment and awe)  
 Two forms Celestial from the car descend,  
 Whose vivid splendour eye might ne'er contend  
 If not of strength immortal! Thus their light  
 Struck ZETA's vision with eclipse of night;  
 Her eyes for swift relief instinctive closed,  
 And soon th' ethereal space where she reposed  
 She knew was with some radiant presence filled,  
 Which o'er her spread and thro' her senses thrilled.  
 And then she felt or heard, she knew not which,  
 In words or meaning given with soft and rich  
 Pervading music, "Child well-tried, Awake!  
 The Angel of the Faithful here doth take  
 Thy future in her charge—and now will add  
 A light which sombre memories makes glad!"  
 She raised her eyes, and there before her stood  
 Two "Forms of light" veiled each in azure cloud,  
 Through which with pleased relief her eye could trace  
 The flowing outlines of celestial grace.  
 And ZETA saw, whene'er the Angel swayed  
 On graceful wing, that high in space o'erhead  
 A shining crown swayed also. Then, in tones  
 Like those which blend around celestial thrones,  
 The second Angel spake: "I thee endow  
 With greatest blessing child of earth may know:  
 My name is HOPE; I light the future years—  
 My pleasures rest where Sister FAITH grants hers!"  
 Then both the Angels nearer came, and bent  
 O'er ZETA as on fond embrace intent;

And she, while streams tumultuous ran, of bliss,  
 Throughout her being, felt the Angels' kiss,  
 And trembling—woke. " 'Twas but a dream, alas !"  
 " Most true," LORENZO said, " and yet 'twould pass  
 For omen good, thro' more pretentious claims  
 To keys of deep philosophy, than aims  
 Ambition of my dear one." ZETA then  
 Her much neglected lyre took up again ;  
 And listening to Lorenzo's burning words,  
 Her fingers pensive strayed among its chords.

My Muse would fain discourse of lovers' joy,  
 Were not divine Erato grown so coy  
 And chary of that pleasure-giving fire  
 Which lends full rapture to the soulless lyre.  
 'Tis Her's to wreath in song the flowery tale  
 How maidens shrink and how their swains prevail ;  
 'Tis Her's to tell how soft consent is won ;  
 How Cupid, capering at the mischief done,  
 Shuts up his quiver, and with laughing cheeks  
 Puff'd out with merriment, fresh victims seeks.  
 How Hymen, with insidious aim, his light  
 Of rosy rapture flashes on their sight ;  
 How they (poor doves) with fascinated gaze,  
 Bewildered enter the alluring haze  
 In which is hung that curious gate—that gin,  
 Where Hymen bows and smiles—and locks them in !  
 All this 'twere pleasant to be told, no doubt—  
 Could we rehearse it ; but, the *finding out*  
 (Fair reader, take the poet's word for this)  
 Insures convincing and much greater bliss.  
 All virtuous love to virtuous marriage tends :  
 (And here the Muse with fluttering wing descends)  
 Their love was virtuous—and the white-robed priest,  
 The flower-strewn paths, the joyous marriage feast,

The cheerful sounds, in running peals on peals  
Of chasing bells which reached the distant hills,  
Gay cavaliers and maids as yet unblest'd,  
With gentle wishes duteously express'd,  
In order came. Then was such bliss complete  
As life knows not save when in union meet  
Heroic constancy and virtuous love;  
Whose blest possessors benefactors prove,  
Through their attendant virtues, to their kind;  
For blessings spread till broadest base they find.

And now, Farewell, O list'ner of my lay :  
Compeer in life—Companion of a day—  
'Twere well if bliss like theirs Thy life might fill—  
And Thou deserving it—were better still !

## NIAGARA.

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The following verses are founded upon an adventure which occurred to the  
Author (at Niagara) in the Spring of 1853.

---

Exult O soul, of infinite the child !  
Stupendous majesty here claims a mate !  
An ocean freed ; or, 'scaped a deluge wild !  
Arise ! Earth trembles before power so great !

From depth unfathomed comes an awful sound,  
As nature's throat were choked, yet gurgling cried  
For mercy ! Springing with eternal bound  
Into her jaws, her groans the floods deride.

And, with her groaning ; see, escapes her breath !  
In vapours white and cloudy see it rise ;  
Sol with his glory tints th' expanding wreath,  
Pure pillar'd mist, connecting earth and skies.

Mere beauteous details here are swallowed all  
In vast sublimity ; sheer force, and might,  
And ceaseless din ; and whirling, dizzying roll  
Of whiten'd waters, depth, and breadth, and height !

When winter, dead, unlocks his rigid hold,  
And melting show'rs warm spring's release attest ;  
Lakes from their mouths disgorge their heaps of cold  
And squareleagued ice, and tides of frothy yeast.

Its masses huge the laden river bears,  
 Crashing and grinding, (towards the rapids drawn)  
 Thence toss'd and whirl'd, the awful brink it nears  
 And pois'd an instant, tumbles thund'ring down !

Deep down the shatter'd bergs emerge ;  
 The current's surface fills, confused and pent ;  
 The distant whirlpool draws the white-streak'd surge  
 Swift, as an arrow from the bowstring sent.

'Twas dusk ;—a light-made skiff lay moor'd at hand :  
 A bold and stalwart waterman stood near ;  
 A stranger youth (from England's far-off strand)  
 With eager words plied his unwilling ear.

At length he yielded and the boat unmoor'd ;  
 Embarked the stranger—quickly followed he :  
 The rocky cliffs in frowning blackness lour'd ;  
 Wild was the aspect of that seething sea !

With skill and speed he urged the ready bark  
 (The current heading) with determined force  
 Thro' ice-formed windings, o'er the waters dark—  
 But now the strong floods swept him from his course !

Oh, how the hideous, heaving icelumps crash'd !  
 Then, closed beneath, his bark they onward bore.  
 How mournfully the rushing waters plash'd !  
 All mingled with the nearing whirlpool's roar.

Despair lent strength ; with foot each overhung  
 And from beneath released their frozen raft ;  
 Now close in sight the creaking bridge o'erswung,  
 High 'mid the clouds, as view'd from that lone craft !

What pray'rs from each most inmost soul arose  
For home, for friends, for self, may ne'er be told !  
Ages pass on in minutes such as those,  
And youth, eluding time, at once grows old !

With painful toil at last the ice was clear'd,  
Unwitting if they in the vortex were ;  
The rushing floods and distant falls they heard—  
Yet now the oarsman dared speak words of cheer,

“ Bear up brave heart ! The greater danger's past :  
The side-stream aids us—pull now with a will ! ”  
Exhausted, yet the youth obey'd, and fast  
They skimm'd the surface of the liquid hill.

Drear was the toil, or ere the shelving beach  
With grating welcome kiss'd the weary keel ;  
Cold drops of sweat roll'd from the brow of each—  
Faint were that oarsman's limbs of sinew'd steel.

White as a falling avalanche's gleam,  
The turgid, moonlit surge still heav'd along.  
In dark or light, unchanging as its theme,  
Remains the burden of its mighty song !

HISTORIC GLIMPSES  
OF  
ENGLAND AND HER SONS.

---

"AWAKE, ye dark haired nine! With all your strings  
Loud, join fame's trumpet as it swelling, rings  
Our country's name, with long exultant strain,  
Thro' earth and air and o'er the spreading main.  
Ye spirits of the mighty dead, come forth;  
Attest, in shadowy greatness, all the worth  
Which in her centres: show she can receive  
Such homage as the great alone can give!  
Attend the throng ye ancient scalds and bards;  
To every age apportion due rewards  
Of praise or censure! Come, ye spirit host  
Of times forgot and in oblivion lost!"

Spake Albion's Genius thus,—and from each land  
And clime, and sea, converged a countless band,  
On unseen wings, towards Albion's wave-washed shore.  
A mystic stamp, of time's impress, each bore,



(Alone to spirits known) and every age  
Its own impress ; that each, as in a page  
Might read and understand. The numerous throng  
In generations stood, extending long ;  
Each company was headed by its bard,  
Who, each in turn, *their* history declared :  
Where finished each, there straight the next began ;  
And thus, from first to last, the story ran :—

“ When on his endless path the sun set forth  
And with his glowing eye beheld the earth ;  
Well pleased with all her graces bright and fair,  
He claimed her for his own peculiar care.  
The god of day roll'd on with ravished smile,  
And, with his beams, embraced this virgin isle :  
Warm throbb'd her breast with life, the work was done,  
Her children loved their God and Sire, the SUN.

“ Years pass'd o'er years ; a brave and temperate race,  
Long lived and vigorous did our island grace ;  
In hunters' spoils their bodies rudely clad,  
To storm, or cold, or heat defiance bade.  
Incessant warfare did their chieftains wage,  
As lust of gain or glory fed their rage ;  
Well skill'd in warrior's arts, they took the field,  
To hurl the javelin and the spear to wield ;  
Their altar fires blazed fierce thro' smoky clouds,  
When cruel faith required her martyr'd crowds.  
In savage games, or superstition's rites,  
And brave exploits 'mid wild intestine fights,  
Or listening to heroic, bardic strains,  
Which fired their blood, yet soothed the warrior's pains ;  
In these alternate pass'd away the time,  
Till came th' invader from a foreign clime.

“ Thro' treacherous night, from Gaul's late conquered shore,  
The Roman fleet immense, towards Britain bore ;

(How one man's lust of fame, the seeming fate  
 Of this our isle, then changed.) With mutual hate  
 And stern defiance fill'd, the grey of dawn  
 Beheld the foes in line of battle drawn.  
 With fierce, but undisciplined valour, met  
 The painted Britons, Cæsar's host; firm set  
 (As native oak) each warrior stood awhile,  
 Nor finched from death in battling for the soil.  
 Nor was the fight to human rage confined:  
 The elements themselves their strength combined  
 To hurl the conquering eagles back; but vain  
 'Gainst Cæsar's Genius fought the angry main  
 And dark-browed storm! Before his harnessed host  
 The half-armed Britons fell, and victory lost.  
 Join all your lays ye bards! Their patriot fire  
 In glowing song embalm; let every lyre  
 Shower sounding honours on that noble band,  
 Success deserving, yet might not command.

"In vain their after struggles 'gainst the yoke  
 By Roman arms imposed; though often spoke  
 The patriot's voice such words as ever thrill  
 The stagnant blood and rouse the dormant will.  
 Magnanimous CARACTACUS behold  
 A prisoner chained! Rome's deep disgrace be told  
 How fair BOADICEA, virtue's light  
 And Britain's boast, while pleading for the right  
 Was like a felon scourged! Behold again  
 How she in Roman blood washed out the stain;  
 How she her soldiers urged with dauntless breath,  
 And, conquered, sought a last escape in death.  
 But mighty Rome herself (like some huge plant  
 With parasites o'ergrown, which, growing, want  
 And drink the tree's best sap) became at last  
 A leafless monument of greatness past!

“Against the Britons, weakened thus at length,  
The war-like Picts hurled their ferocious strength;  
The northern wall o’erthrew, and frequent dread  
And devastation thro’ the land they spread.  
These to repel, th’ invited Saxons came :  
Friendship (most false, which neither love nor fame  
Considered meet reward) they first professed :  
With bravery they invaded rights redressed,  
Invaders then became themselves, and reft  
From British hands what former foes had left.  
Bootless were ARTHUR’s deeds of matchless might  
’Gainst numbers waged and treachery’s hideous blight.  
Yet from this discord order did arise ;  
Thro’ rifted clouds appeared the sunlit skies :  
Heptarchic kings their feebler crowns resigned  
And homage paid to one superior mind.

“As rides the feathered spoiler high in air  
On sweeping wing, and marks with minute care  
Defenceless points where safely he may stoop  
And strike his trembling prey in lightning swoop ;  
So hovered first the Danish pirate’s host,  
Then, landing, swept like tempest o’er the coast.

“In constant conflict worsted, swiftly sink  
In turn, the Saxons, reaching ruin’s brink :  
With notes of Danish conquest echoing ring  
The vales of Albion—while her crownless king  
(An embryo of future, lasting fame)  
Devoid of state, a wanderer became.  
Courageous, noble, learned, and refined,  
Great ALFRED’s name in glory is enshrined ;  
His virtues lustres thro’ all ages shed,  
And deathless wisdom speaks from lips long dead !  
With ardour generous, that no fear could damp,  
A British minstrel sought the hostile camp :

With skilful chords he charmed each varying mood,  
Nor dreamt they England's king before them stood.  
He marked with eagle glance, as flowed the sound,  
The haughty carelessness which reigned around :  
Awaited him in Selwood's shades, a band  
Of loyal heroes, pledged their native land  
To free, or, fighting fall. Their king returned,  
While yet their hearts with patriot fury burned  
He led them 'gainst the scornful, reckless foe,  
And past wrongs paid in one avenging blow !  
The combined virtues of a world of kings  
In ALFRED met : from fancy's realms, on wings  
Of genius borne, in rich poetic song  
He brought new graces to the Saxon tongue.  
The basement of that liberty he laid  
Which tyrants, later, fain would have betrayed :  
But which, deeprooted, shall on British soil,  
A structure bear befitting Freedom's Isle.

" Almost the Saxon power with ALFRED slept—  
Thro' wasting ages Albion's Genius wept  
O'er fields full drenched with blood ! A Danish king,  
To whom, in virtues, can our memories bring  
No peer since ALFRED, did the sceptre wield :  
(Not lightly won, nor did the Saxon yield  
Till Glory asked no more). Of pious fame,  
'Twas he 'neath whose rebuke, in conscious shame  
Were bowed the heads of crawling, flattering slaves  
When he commanded, ' Back, ye servile waves  
Your king obey ! ' and future courtiers taught  
(A lesson oft forgot) that kings are naught  
But as their subjects make them. History shows,  
Ere tyrants strike—their slaves invite their blows !  
Thus British, Roman, Saxon, Danish blood  
In England's veins produced that mixture good

Which, later, joined to fiery Norman tide,  
As proved at home, and o'er earth's regions wide,  
Has made her sons invincible.

“ With might,  
If not with justice arm'd, yet claiming right,  
Came he, the 'Conqueror,' called; and British soil  
'Neath warriors' heavy tread, for Victory's smile  
Contending, once more trembled. Men once more  
Discarded reason, and in brothers' gore  
Deep dyed their souls! This mightiest and last  
Of Saxon conflicts, all the puny past  
Eclipsed, as doth the scathing desert sun  
The firefly's glimmer, in the twilight dun;  
And th' swelling numbers of th' invading host  
(To past invaders) billows on our coast  
Unto a dewdrop were, if well compared,  
For sons of many states the conflict shared.  
With conquest flushed, the Saxon HAROLD came,  
A scion well upholding Saxon fame;  
With consecrated banner high unfurled  
Against his lines were Norman masses hurled:  
'Neath clouds of missiles came the dread phalanx  
And onset furious, on the English ranks;  
Unmoved, and stern as lines of granite rock,  
The British stood, and thrice repulsed the shock;  
At each recoil from onset made in vain,  
A thousand warriors lifeless strewed the plain.  
Each chief had deeds of desperate valour shown,  
One to preserve, and one to gain, a crown;  
When, lured by WILLIAM's well-planned false retreat,  
The Saxons rushed to make the rout complete;  
The Normans wheeled, and, strong in aim-combined,  
The English swept—like stubble by the wind.  
Brave HAROLD fell: The conqueror's work was done!  
'Tad valour claimed, they both had victory won!

Now freedom's knell was by the curfew rung ;  
On Norman impulse fate of England hung ;  
The flock deserting Church, in their lone hour,  
Left 'charge of souls' for charge of wealth and power,  
(Well kept, O Norman, thy 'impartial' vow !  
O Apostolic Church, how lowly thou !)  
His memory shall ages yet unborn  
In hatred hold and death-defying scorn ;  
Such laurels shrivel in the scorching fire,  
Which finds its fuel in a nation's ire !  
Yet despotism brought order in its train  
And concentrated aims : not oft in vain  
Distracted effort was the nation's might  
Evaporated ; but, in wrong or right,  
As chance directed or ambition led,  
Her unity of strength her greatness fed.  
By arms, or treasure to the crown were bound  
New lands, and British rule new subjects owned.

" Ye troubadours and minstrels, with your theme  
Comes age of chivalry ; which, like a gleam  
Of light unfading, sheds perpetual ray  
Thro' later, darker ages. Tribute pay  
To stately courtesy and knightly fame ;  
When virtuous, beauteous fair did homage claim  
From mail-clad warriors ; and her lightest word  
O'erbalanced perils or by flood or sword.  
Fanaticism thro' ' Hermit Peter ' spoke  
And kindred sparks in myriad souls awoke  
With fiery eloquence : and war's alarms  
Thro' Christian Europe rang, and clang of arms.  
'Twas then the steelgirt cross-marked braves  
Their legions rolled like surging, swelling waves  
Towards Palestine : from Paynim, to release  
By bloody fight, in name of ' Prince of Peace '

The Holy Sepulchre! And many a tale,  
 Of deeds which turned the cheek of beauty pale  
 To listen to, by pilgrim from afar,  
 Or minstrel chaunting the exploits of war  
 Was often brought. But, brightest 'mid the throng  
 Of names from first to last, and theme for song  
 And minstrel praise—was his, the 'Lion King'  
 For bravery called—Full oft his voice would ring  
 With clarion sound o'er din of thickest fight,  
 And flash his blade in gleams of circling light!  
 High-soul'd SALADIN, leader of the foe,  
 Of lightning glance and stormy, threatening brow,  
 He oft confronted; but, too well their skill  
 Or strength were match'd, and dauntless will:  
 For each, unconquering, from the combat came,  
 And each but swell'd his foeman's wide-spread fame.  
 While thus, successive, glittering Christian hosts,  
 'Neath red-cross banners left their native coasts  
 (Each warrior armed to battle for his faith  
 And win a name or die a martyr's death)  
 Events of varied hue, swift-crowding, swept  
 O'er Albion's isle—Nor scarce at once e'er slept  
 The fiends of war: nor were the troubles less  
 Which kings inherit, donning with the dress  
 And state of royalty. Not all his pow'r  
 Could wipe from HENRY's destiny that hour  
 In which his hopes were shipwrecked with his son;  
 Nor solace give when that his hope was gone!

"Nor 'neath PLANTAGENET's more liberal sway  
 Did all to order due obedience pay;  
 For crafty BECKET set the law at nought,  
 And rampant bigotry dire mischief wrought.  
 Of good and ill invisible the line,  
 With catholic supremacy her sole design,

May of the church be said. If, to her, kings  
 And thrones were subject, then, all lesser things  
 Were safe; of 'right divine,' at her behest  
 Were kings made heir, or of that 'right' divest'.  
 By royal favour raised, thro' various ranks,  
 To power; the priest most royally gave thanks  
 In fashion orthodox for priests and kings,  
 (Contemning pow'r that raised them) then, on wings  
 Of martyrdom, the which revenge had lent,  
 Thro' door of death he pass'd—an enshrined saint!

"Let soft and tremulous chords rehearse the scene  
 Where beauty frail and HENRY'S haughty Queen  
 Stood face to face. What piteous prayers, that voice  
 Whose silver tones seem'd made but to rejoice  
 And sing, now utters! And within those eyes,  
 Whose loving glance were bliss, what anguish lies;  
 And see those pearly tears! That wavy cloud  
 Of glossy glory to the earth is bowed:  
 And kneels for mercy beauty's fairest child  
 Before a queen who looked, and looking—smiled!  
 Before such—oh! (for crime of having loved)  
 Naught, else than woman, e'er had stood unmoved.  
 A choice of deaths, but death whate'er the choice,  
 Was all the answer to her suppliant voice!  
 A spirit constant flits thro' Woodstock's halls,  
 Since Rosamond drank death beneath its walls.

"Now chant in strains of love, romance and war—  
 And first, how RICHARD, hastening from afar,  
 (Where Ascalon, as minstrel records tell,  
 A trophy to his skill and valour fell)  
 Thro' Austrian perfidy endured a prisoner's chains;  
 And how the faithful BLONDEL woke the strains  
 Which, heard and answer'd, burst his prison door  
 And brought the captive to his own loved shore.



And grant a lay to that bold Outlaw King  
 Whose 'merrie men' made Sherwood's labyrinths ring  
 With sylvan revelry; while on the green  
 Danced maidens fair, with Marian their Queen.  
 Sing how his friar TUCK, with solemn airs,  
 Absolved fat bishops of their worldly cares;  
 With fitting meekness did his good by stealth,  
 And weigh'd their sins exactly by their wealth.  
 O! rare and blythe,—Sic transit! ROBIN HOOD,  
 Thy evil deeds were balanced by thy good!

"Like some huge giant, straining in his sleep  
 'Gainst nightmare visions which successive sweep,  
 Like mental vapours, o'er his mirror'd soul;  
 Lay England, groaning under JOHN's control.  
 But lo! he starts, half wakes, and strengthening still,  
 He breaks the bands that held him; and his will  
 Doth free herself by native innate strength.  
 'Twas thus that England from her sleep at length  
 Arose, and wrested from the tyrant's clutch  
 That scroll\* of liberty which none may touch  
 And live, save they who like our warlike sires  
 Guard well her shrine, and feed her altar fires!  
 As merciless and weak as craven soul'd,  
 John's life were but a skein of guilt unroll'd.

"Make way for Cambria's sons; strike loud the lyre  
 In songs of welcome, all ye spirit choir!  
 They come from Freedom's native, haunted hills:  
 Where martyr-spirit music yet oft thrills  
 The listening peasant's soul. Mild mercy wept  
 When their wild patriot songs an instant slept  
 As pass'd the slaughter'd martyr-thro' death:  
 Each spirit crowned with an immortal wreath.

\* Magna Charta.

"Untired the chariot wheels of time roll on  
Deepstain'd o'er scenes of battles lost and won;  
Let Scotia's martial music fill the air,  
While we the bravery of her sons declare!  
Her tartan hosts, on frequent sanguine field,  
Have snapt the spear and broke the south'ron shield.  
Land of the WALLACE, country of the BRUCE,  
If these, sole heroes were of thy produce,  
To immortality they link thy name;  
Twin suns thro' an eternity of fame!  
One cruel death in this iron reign took place  
Where EDWARD triumphed in a deep disgrace.  
While honour's understood, while virtue lives,  
Shall WALLACE claim what love and honour gives.

"With sable armour and with nodding plume,  
And step that none but conquerors may assume,  
The *youthful* EDWARD comes. On Crecy's field,  
From Gallic chivalry he wrenched the shield  
And wand of victory. Throughout a life  
Adorn'd with honours, gracing peace and strife,  
No envious railer can a shade discern,  
Would cause incarnate Memory's cheek to burn!  
This mutual strife thro' long continuing years  
Was doomed to last and keep the world in tears  
Till both, well tested by each other's might,  
Should worthy prove to battle for the right  
As perfect brethren: in fixed Fate's decree  
Their bond unsever'd till the world be free!  
Ambition and usurping power still sway'd  
The destinies of England: while she paid  
(Like real monster drinking her own life)  
The penalty, in wasting and intestine strife.  
Each rising sun was worshipped: but, to set  
Was criminal, and crime's deserts full met.

'Mid crowds of cringing, sycophantic knaves  
 (True tyrant stuff, tho' in position slaves)  
 One man, tho' other worthless minions swerved,  
 The ermine purity of Law preserved.  
 'Tis thine, right noble GASCOYNE, to engage  
 The sweetest chords belonging to thine age.  
 Too few exist, who in strict duty's path,  
 A prince would punish, daring royal wrath.  
 But now our strains die out in mournful wail—  
 In whispering sadness pass the doleful tale !  
 O ! brother Bards, behold our heads we bow,  
 And mourn the streams from brothers' veins that flow.  
 Nor are the horrors of un pitying war  
 Most painful to your minstrels to declare ;  
 See cruel Superstition, with her chains  
 Drag pure-souled JOAN\* to a martyr's pains.  
 Shame on thee, recreant Gaul, that didst not fend  
 Such noble maid from such dishonoured end !  
 Shame age, in which was acted such a part !  
 Shame all, who doomed to death so brave a heart !

“No bravery the sin can compensate  
 Of urging civil war, or kindling furious hate  
 Between true English hearts ; nor can we sing,  
 In praise of those, who, fighting for a king,  
 Lost sight of liberty : who fought and bled  
 But to be governed or by white or red.  
 Let such pass on, and carry in their train  
 Their crown'd assassins ; dirgelike be our strain  
 Till all are gone ! See bloody RICHARD pass !  
 Lo, in his phantom hands he holds the glass  
 In which his deeds are mirror'd—poor rack'd soul  
 Descend in silence ! After him doth roll  
 A sea of blood, which, rushing forward, drives  
 The brutal HENRY and his headless wives

\* Joan D'Arc.

(A ghastly group) to dim, uncertain fate  
(As pope or protestant may fix their state).  
And flickering fires, on human flesh well fed,  
And chains, and rack and torture ; all are led  
In dismal train before our straining eyes,  
And all our chords are drowned in victim's cries.  
With 'rapt, and dignified, expressive air,  
See RIDLEY, LATIMER and CRANMER, bear  
The banner of that mighty whiterobed host,  
Whom here we meet, tho' on the earth long lost.

" In louder notes of mingled praise and blame,  
ELIZABETH we greet, of virgin fame—  
With virtues seldom seen combined in kings  
A woman's failing's blended ; these, the springs  
Of jealous, inconsistent hopes and fears ;  
Of deeds of vengeance washed with lovelorn tears.  
Yet was she England's hope : without her aid  
The glorious ' Reformation ' long had laid  
A fact unfinished : and her name would stand  
High in the proudest records of our land  
If MARY were forgot ! Ye Scotia's sons,  
With tender airs and soft mellifluous tones  
And notes like murmurings of a prisoned Dove  
Breathe out the sorrows of that Queen of love ;  
And tell the lovely Shade's most tragic fate.  
Born to a rank unfortunately great,  
Her loving nature from her earliest youth  
Was made the soil of sorrow ; and her truth  
And constancy in cleaving to her faith,  
The labyrinth opened, leading unto death !  
Pass on sweet shade, on earth thy virtues live !  
Those frailties not forgot, thou world forgive !

" What time her son possessed the British throne,  
And Scotia's land and England joined in one ;

In subtle, changing chords were better told,  
Replete with plots both cruel deep and bold.

“ Since Spain's ‘Invincible’ invading host  
Ran foul of British courage on our coast,  
And with the shock awoke from treacherous dreams  
And vain delusions ; too few are the gleams  
Which speak the pure, the patriotic glow  
Which hearts in this our isle should ever know.  
But hear ! The martial sound of rolling drums  
And brassy trumpets, louder swelling, comes,  
O'er din of confused strife and battle-cry  
‘ For King ! ’ ‘ For Liberty ! ’ ‘ we live or die ! ’  
Thro' all the breadth of our distracted land,  
O'er Cavaliers', o'er Roundheads' stern command  
It deafening rings, in mad confusion blent—  
Then hush'd is all in still astonishment.  
Evoked by victory and England's wrath  
An object huge looms dark upon the path ;  
With firmset front see CROMWELL's ‘ Ironsides ’ stand  
While expectation mute broods o'er the land.  
High, draped with black, the growing scaffold comes  
‘ Mid silence broke by sound of muffled drums.  
With noble air and calm intrepid look  
Which speaks a soul that courage ne'er forsook,  
See CHARLES, a martyr to himself, with high  
And princely dignity, come forth to die.  
Let Death meet Justice, that we Bards may sing  
‘ Whate'er his life, in death he was a king ! ’  
Let monarchs learn that Fate will have it so,  
When Justice strikes—'tis tyrants feel the blow.  
If led by freedom's light, ye heroes fought,  
If mad ambition owned the deeds ye wrought ;  
What'er your cause, Fate fixed th' effect the same—  
The motive consecrate ; your praise or shame ! ”

An execration from a nation's throat ;  
Anon, the rush to arms ; the dreadful shout  
Of unforgiving vengeance—one quick blow ;  
A throne o'erturned—a monarch's head laid low—  
A moral points which he 'who runs may read'—  
And rulers, kings, and subjects, well may heed.

" Heroic BLAKE, thy memory yet lives,  
Reflecting all the honours it receives ;  
May fire, which thro' thee, England's battles won,  
Aye animate thy country's every son !

" No epitaph, no honours, no reward,  
No glory, naught that mortal ever shared ;  
Can add fresh lustre to the shining crown  
Which radiates the brow of England's own.  
Before thee HAMPDEN, see our lengthened ranks  
In veneration bow ; to thee our thanks  
And thanks of all posterity are due—  
O King of hearts, Oh, patriot good and true,  
Accept them ! Fill the air with songs ;  
Tho' all fall short—yet to him all belongs.

" Thou second CHARLES, disgracing England's throne ;  
'Mid shouts of well-deserved contempt pass on !  
JAMES, with thee take that nauseous thing of blood  
Called ' JEFFREYS ' jackall for thy kingly food—  
With everlasting execrations go  
And seek your Master in his realms below !  
Satan hath need to guard his honours well,  
If miscreant merit leads to power in hell !

" Let cheerful strains once more our lyres awake ;  
For WILLIAM's greatness doth such chords bespeak.

Proud notes of conquest, bards of ANNE, too swell,  
 Nor be the least how piled Gibraltar fell,  
 'Mong England's sons whose glory is her fame,  
 Has ROOKE and MARLB'RO each an honoured name,  
 Ye bards throughout, let harp and voice combine  
 To pay due honour to this age and reign!

" 'Neath Brunswick's sceptre, thro' long lapse of years,  
 Is England's lot alternate smiles and tears;  
 O'er countless fallen sons her tears have flowed,  
 On worth and valour are her smiles bestowed.  
 In mad rebellion's front, the gallant MAR  
 Led thousands to their fate; but (STUART's star  
 Now lost amid the glare of Brunswick's sun)  
 Disaster ended cause so ill begun.  
 The orb of England's glory, rising fast,  
 Doth light the future and eclipse the past!

" With VERNON's name, that hero of the deep,  
 Commence the strain which now shall onward sweep  
 O'er listening earth. Then, bid the world behold  
 How British heroes die; the scene unfold  
 Where WOLFE in victory's arms expired, and gave  
 His life for glory and a conqueror's grave!  
 Let generous Gaul, let Spain, let Ind' confess  
 The matchless prowess that thy sons possess;  
 Full-proved in this, and may it aye prove true,  
 The British empire keeps the sun in view.  
 Old England's name is hallowed in the soul  
 Which knows enlightenment; from pole to pole  
 Where griping winter reigns; from east to west,  
 Her people's hopes by all the good are blest.  
 Sublime her attitude of strong repose  
 While Europe heaved and writhed amid the throes  
 Preceding war's convulsions. But when right  
 And justice totter'd 'neath the blow, her might

Blased forth in lightnings, sweeping sea and land :  
And fleets and armies rose at her command.

“ When, that short-sighted ALEXANDER wept,  
Than he a greater, in the future slept !  
And when this huge Prometheus\* first spoke  
And world-wide thunder at his word awoke,  
And kingdoms shrank beneath his legions' tread,  
And conquered nations at his feet were spread,  
And kings and armies melted from his path,  
And thrones and sceptres withered at his wrath ;  
Whose every pulse presaged a battle's shock !  
Who conquered *him* ? Who chained him to his rock ?  
Who wretch'd fame's trumpet from his warrior hand  
And blest with peace each ravaged, blood-dyed land ?  
Thou shade of WELLINGTON, with glory crowned,  
In Britain's heart thy memory is enthroned !  
Twin Spirits, worthy foes, pass on in peace ;  
To dim one's fame, would make the other's less !

“ The main hath proudly borne Old England's sons  
And swelled beneath the thunder of her guns ;  
Her HAWKES and NELSONS rise when duty calls,  
And tyrants crouch before her wooden walls.

“ Yet not in warriors' praise alone we sing ;  
Ye bards of progress here your tribute bring.  
In arts and letters England honoured stands,  
A light and beacon to less favoured lands.  
Her SHAKESPEARE and her MILTON, stand, sublime,  
Colossal thro' all changing future time :  
Her poets in each rank of time attest  
Th' undying fire which fills each English breast.  
Heard ye her peasant poet sing ? O'er all  
The blast of trumpets, and the sullen roll

\* Napoleon.



Of victory's rejoicings, and the glare  
 Of conqueror's pomp, and all the pride of war  
 His harpstrings fling their quivering chords: around  
 Thro' all the lofty concave: and the sound  
 And *presence* of unflinching strength and grace  
 Throws over them the shade of littleness.  
 The song, ye all neglected, he began,  
 List bards—his theme—'The dignity of MAN.'  
 No jewelled crown hath pass'd before our eyes  
 That sat half-graceful as the *holly* lies  
 Around that spirit-wreathed brow, nor which  
 Did emblem empire half so wide or rich.  
 We listen, rapt, to all the varied throng  
 Of poet-aspirations, which belong  
 Unto his noble theme. And oh! how sweet  
 And full of tenderness the tones which meet  
 And mingle with the *CORRER*'s humble pray'r,  
 Or mourn with age 'along the banks of Ayr.'  
 Or, louder rising in his manly scorn  
 Of high oppression, to our ears are borne  
 The words, which like a startling trumpet-call  
 Tell 'fellow-worms' one death awaits them all!  
 Ye shades of Scotia's heroes, hear his lay  
 And own him brother of a later day;  
 Who bled wi' *WALLACE*, or wi' *BRUCE* ha'e fought,  
 Bend low and list how now your sons are taught;  
 Symphonious echoes meet your battle-calls,  
 And hark! 'in ev'ry foe a tyrant falls!'

"Her *NEWTON*, judge of true effect and cause,  
 Coeval lives with *MAN* and nature's laws;  
 Her *WATT* arose to bid mankind be one;  
 And seas and obstacles at once were gone.  
 See Love and Reverence watch with flowing eyes  
 The far off spot where *HOWARD*, sleeping, lies.

And he who dared the Thunderer's angry mood ;  
 Whose voice the lightning heard and understood,  
 And straight obey'd. Columbia's favoured son,  
 Her FRANKLIN, England claims him as her own !  
 Yea, WASHINGTON, first rebel, then, the world's just pride,  
 Pure freedom's hope, who England's might defied,  
 Was England's son. Your skill, which stands confest  
 Against herself, your courage, doth attest  
 Old England's claim ; yourselves, your homes, your wealth,  
 (Be not offended) and, whate'er, by stealth  
 Or conquest you possess or ever call  
 Your own, 'tis hers, yea, England claims it all !  
 Your freedom's hers who gave you English blood  
 And courage, that against herself withstood,  
 Wherewith to win it. May the mutual tie  
 Of love and kindred institutions, lie  
 For ever in the path ye joint pursue,  
 And peace and amity fill up the view !

" New every voice awake, and every string ;  
 Let all, with sounds of conquering freedom ring,  
 See Gaul's and Britain's heroes now go forth  
 With mutual faith and well-contested worth.  
 'Neath orient skies, united 'heart and hand,'  
 These former foes 'mid death and danger stand,  
 The muscovite aggressor to defy  
 And right and justice to restore or die !

" Where, laves the Euxine Russia's Crimean coast,  
 On *Alma's* heights entrench'd, waits Russia's host ;  
 With bristling cannon crowned is every height,  
 And threatening ranks attest the Czar's proud might.  
 Beware, ye brave ! why *now* your swords unsheath ?  
 A thousand mouths but wait to belch forth death !  
 Hath valour gift of wings, that he who wills  
 May rise and battle 'gainst these foe-crown'd hills ?

They onward! Now the flower of England's might  
 Essays to climb the rocky, threatening height;  
 Impetuous fury fires the sons of Gaul,  
 And bids them "On!" to conquer or to fall.  
 A flash of blood-red fire, th' embattled hill  
 An instant girdles, and again is still;  
 Then speaks the cannon in its awful tones  
 And drowns a thousand mingled shrieks and groans;  
 Again that flash darts thro' the sulph'rous pall,  
 And see! a hundred gory corpses roll  
 Back down the steep: 'On!' Sir COLIN cries,  
 'A highlander may fall, but never flies!'  
 One last terrific sweep the Russian guns  
 Pour down; but the next instant, England's sons  
 And Gallia's, face the haughty entrenched foe,  
 And victory win with quick, resistless blow!

"Alma's glories tell,  
 When Freedom's valour fires her sons, how well  
 Her work is done! Resistless, on they sweep  
 Tho' want and famine wrestle every step  
 With ghastly grip, for victory. Such pow'r  
 And stern determination, every hour  
 (Thro' winter days and months; thro' fell disease  
 Past foes and gaping death—yes, all of these)  
 Bore witness to. The tales that minstrels told  
 Of fabled heroes grim and bold,  
 Were now, by actual deeds each hour surpass'd,  
 Before that fortress whose resources vast  
 And rockbuilt walls, a long defiance bade  
 To valorous efforts, such as would have made  
 Their names immortal once, and which now gild  
 With sacred halos, Freedom's crown and shield.

"There revelled ghastly death. There, thousands died!  
 In this—the purple pomp and scarlet pride

Of battle, is summ'd up. The half-sighed prayers  
Of dying fathers ; and the wails and tears  
Of countless orphans : and the anguished sighs,  
Of mothers, fathers, widows ; and the cries  
Of brothers' blood : all these—death, fire, and sword—  
Are held and hid in that *one* little word  
Call'd ' Glory ! '

“ When genius falters, courage may relieve  
And succour her, and all her aims achieve ;  
But when brave noble hearts exhausted lie  
In sick despair or wounded agony ;  
And Friendship's ear, by duty call'd away,  
Is lost ; and *Silence* silently doth say  
' Now die and be forgot ! ' And weaken'd sight  
With yearning gaze looks thro' the dull dim light :  
And from the clammy brow the cold drops roll,  
And mortal things cling trembling round the soul :  
What strength can then advantage, soothe such pain,  
And bid the germ of life revive again ?  
Is there such help ! Let rescued thousands tell,  
And quickened Life and cheated Death loud swell  
The strain which bow'd humanity began  
When first the tale thro' wondering nations ran  
That pitying gentleness the name had ta'en  
And form of woman ; leading forth a train  
Of loving sisters, thro' those scenes to tread,  
Where air-fill'd groanings requiem'd earth-gorged dead.

“ Dark, dark as thoughtless vacancy, was night  
In that grim region, save the sudden light  
And sulph'rous flash from cannon here and there  
At intervals, now up or down the bare  
And rocky half-trenched mountain sides. A chain,  
Far out, of listening sentinels, the main

Encamped and entrenched army guards, with stern  
Endurance, such as but true braves can learn,  
Of cold, and all a northern winter's spite  
And unseen dangers of the thick black night.

“Mix'd up with all around, and but a part  
And atom of the darkness there; alert  
In sense, but still and silent as the stone  
By which he stands, in all but thought alone,  
And that of sombre hue, he thro' the long  
And sometimes flash-pierced darkness waits, in strong  
And never-flinching patience. Thus the hours  
In sable, slow procession pass; till lours  
That deeper darkness pressed on by the dawn,  
The vanguard of the distant day, o'erthrown  
From mountain heights into the vales below,  
Like ranks driv'n inward by a conquering foe.  
He starts—and most intently lists—around  
He flings his useless gaze—then to the ground  
He bends his ear—what is it? Ah! the wind  
Hath mock'd him! nay, 'tis not so, he doth find  
The primal evidence confirmed. With haste  
He strips the cumbrous grey, and breast to breast  
With naked earth he creeps with stealthy care,  
Like lion roused by danger from his lair.  
And soon as glimmering dawn of day reveals  
A misty line along the crested hills,  
The sound of bells\* ('tis Sabbath morn)  
First faint, then louder, on the air is borne;  
And thro' the ground vibrating tremors run  
Which tell of gatherings by the foe begun  
*To matin hymn and prayer.* He forward creeps  
O'er many a mound where scarce halfcovered sleeps  
Full many a hero. (Whether foe or friend  
But little matters, here their ashes blend.)

\* The great bell of Sevastopol.

Again he stope—again his ear he bends ;  
Again his piercing glances thro' the dawning sends :  
No room for doubt ! One moment thus he lies,  
Then upright springs, and fires—and backward flies !  
That flash the watching chain of posts alarms ;  
Then runs from line to line the cry ' To arms !'  
And soon the rush of tramping feet is heard  
Which tells the foe is coming. Not a word  
Nor shout, nor bugle blast that rush precedes,  
Whose van outnumbering hosts of warriors leads.  
Each sentry waits the foe, then quickly fires  
Or ere he to the mustering ranks retires :  
On ! On ! the heavy massive columns come,  
Like darker clouds distill'd from out the gloom—  
A sound, as of a thousand coursers' breath,  
Or some hoarse whirlwind sweeping o'er a heath,  
A panting sound, like bloodhounds on the scent  
In supple chase, the darkness seems to vent ;  
A steady rattle of approaching steel,  
A line of vivid fire, that lights the hill,  
And shows them each to each—a bugle sound,  
A voice, ' Up ! Charge !' A shaking of the ground,  
A shock—a wavelike heaving to and fro,  
Like some dense forest by an earthquake's throe,  
A din of grinding swords, and ring of fixed  
And stubborn bayonets in struggle mixed.  
With these, the dread and bloody day began.  
All know how sped the fight of '*Inkermann* ;'  
How hour on hour th' unequal contest raged,  
'Tween Russian hosts and British valour waged ;  
How charge on charge by columns fresh from th' rear,  
The compact ranks of British had to bear ;  
And how at last long-veering Vict'ry hung  
Upon the banners of that noble throng  
Of host-repulsing heroes ; and how fared  
The gallant Gauls, who in the glory shared

Of that day's final conquest. More to tell  
 Needs not—the Shades are here—of those who fell !  
 In Freedom's temple, her high altar bears  
 These words inscribed, half hid in crimson tears,  
 'On Alma's heights, where vict'ry weeps her slain ;  
 At Inkermann ; on Balaklava's plain !'  
 The bones of Freedom's dearest sons are laid ;  
 Full honours to their manes now be paid.  
 These, the departed of earth's present age,—  
 Their deeds prolific all our strains engage ;  
 Nor all remain unsung, by Spirits seen  
 Of honour due unto a patriot Queen :  
 A Queen in virtue as in royal state,  
 By loyal love pre-eminently great.  
 Great as the Queen of champions champion led  
 Where NAPIERS, LAWRENCES, and HAVELOCKS bled ;  
 Great as the wielder of an empire's power  
 Whose bounds, not sense inspired in visioned hour  
 Of our first parent, on Edenean hill \*  
 Could compass ; when the Angel did reveal  
 And stretch around him one wide hemisphere,  
 One half the world. And great, as in career  
 •Of emulative nations, on to fame,  
 Her nation first—and Her's first honoured name  
 VICTORIA, of all that nation owns  
 In goodness as in rank. Disdaining thrones  
 And regal pomps usurped of evil powers,  
 The pride of one by Virtue graced is ours.  
 Fair Queen, thy heroes love thee, and their names  
 Admitted on the roll which Honour claims ;  
 Vouched for by wounds, or clasp, or cross, should be  
 From shame or insult sacredly held free.  
 But oh ! ye Bards, a mournful chord will rise  
 As come, with folded arms and downcast eyes

\* *Par. Lost*, book xi. ver. 366.

Men high in Honour's list—to Envy known—  
By one vile scourging—feast of dogs ! thrown down  
To dull despair and future all uncheered ;  
On earth disgraced—here pitied and revered—  
Fair Queen, thy heroes love thee—let them then  
Disciplined and rewarded be—as *Men*.  
May liberty and peace thy chapter crown,  
And endless to posterity go down !  
May future bards a world united sing,  
And British minstrels welcome honours bring,  
May England's noble sons, as ever, stand  
The pride and glory of their native land :  
And may her daughters, polished, fair and pure,  
The true devotion of the brave ensure !”

’Twas thus the last bard ended—and due thanks  
From Albion's Genius passed thro' all their ranks ;  
The theme, with all its thrilling, varied sound  
Was finished—and still silence reigned around.  
Then marshalled every bard his spirit-band,  
And, leading, winged his way back to the land  
Where Death had found them : some to Scotia's glens,  
To Cambria's hills, and Erin's fairy fens ;  
Some, lone, to solitary spots of earth ;  
Some, wanderers o'er the rolling waves went forth :  
Some back to Ind', that land of cruel deeds  
And martyr'd virtue—some, Columbia's meads ;  
But most, with fitting chords and moonlight smile,  
Yet haunt the dells and glades of Albion's isle.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### WE COME, WE COME!

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With ling'ring slowness an autumn day  
Had stealthily stolen its light away ;  
In all earth's forests a countless host  
Hung, sere'd by age and the pinching frost,  
Silent in gloom.  
Borne on the air came a whispering sound,  
"Your mission is ended—now strew ye the ground!"  
Shiv'ring it pass'd thro' the forests so wide,  
And the air was laden as the sere leaves sighed,  
"We come, we come!"

In patient waiting. Of young and old,  
The separate spans of whose lives were told,  
Lay earth's wan stricken. Th' immortal swell  
They heard, of a ceaseless angel knell  
Calling them home :  
Louder it rang both to evil and good—  
The streamlet of Time *touched* Eternity's flood—  
Mortals, whose mere thoughtless joys were their bliss,  
Swelled the theme, unknowing, whose burthen was this,  
"We come, we come!"

A world of shadows. The forest leaves  
And sum of earth's stricken when naught more grieves  
(A mighty gath'ring) were few, compared  
With crowds that rise in that world so weird,  
From memory's tomb—  
These, *ghosts of deeds* that fill all human years,  
Which angels have smiled o'er, or noted with tears,  
Summon'd obey. At the audit of all,  
These lost shades will answer, evoked by *its* call,  
"We come, we come!"

A VISION.

---

Most slowly, and as from a deathly sleep,  
Faintly at first, perception dawns;  
Instinct with life the struggling senses creep  
Back to the realms which mem'ry owns.  
The soul, returned to "prison-house" of clay,  
Fain would rehearse to mortal ears  
Mysterious lore, intended to convey  
Guidance and light in coming years.

I saw—and at the sight, my wondering soul  
Bath'd full in bliss without alloy,  
Far in the space where suns and systems roll,  
Radiating light and boundless joy  
A radiant throng, most glorious, pure and bright  
(Space infinite of light and love)  
Wing'd as with ether, and their raiment white  
Fashioned as tho' of sunbeams wove.

With wilder'd gaze I swept the void immense,  
Marking the soaring, rapid flight  
Of myriad wings. All, to the yet dull sense,  
Look'd like a calm and beauteous night  
Lit up with lightnings; fleetier far than thought  
(Cleaving the space from sun to sun  
Thro' vast infinity) each spirit brought  
Light, to a world before unknown.

Unmotivated, yet incessant flight had borne  
Ceaseless, my soul in devious course  
Thro' regions where eternal lustres burn;  
Drawn onward by resistless force.

At length, a presence diff'ring from the rest,  
No height, no breadth, o'er all beside  
(I saw) majestic ! In such glory drest,  
Reverently all their faces hide.

Yet this was but the first, the outmost gate,  
Watchtower advanc'd, from which, the view  
Embraced all orbs on which those spirits wait,  
Returning here for wisdom new.  
Unbounded, ev'n to immortal eyes,  
Stretch (of celestial guards) the lines  
Like sunlit clouds ; as rank on rank they rise  
Glory eternal round them shines.

A trembling question glanc'd athwart the mind,  
Answer'd mysterious from within  
By spark divine ; " Who wisdom seeks, may find,  
" This is her path, walk straight therein."  
Intuitive, as thought was now revealed  
All that mysterious was before ;  
Of glory, goodness was the light and shield,  
Wisdom and knowledge were her store.

With speed of light, from earth each instant runs  
(Straight to a mirror'd orb, from thence  
Afresh reflected to more distant suns  
Endless, thro' all the starr'd immense)  
Her ev'ry aspect : yet, from *that* one sphere  
Distant so far, that now I saw,  
Sun-mirror'd, and in beauty new and fair,  
Earth, yet uncurs'd thro' broken law.

Each hill and plain in lasting verdure drest ;  
Wavy with beauteous leaf and bloom  
The lofty forest rears its nodding crest :  
Flowers fill the air with rich perfume.

Unnumber'd herds are browsing on the mead ;  
 Beasts most gigantic, from the mass  
 Of tufted foliage high and lofty, feed :  
 Whilst fowl stupendous o'er them pass.

The purely limpid brooks, the flowing streams,  
 Widespreading oceans, rolling seas,  
 Are full of life. And in the sun's full beams  
 Joyous, upon the fitful breeze  
 The showers of whirling insects rise and fall ;  
 Warblings delightful never cease,  
 Whilst, as a mantle pure, is thrown o'er all,  
 Perfect and universal peace.

With grateful love this paradise I view'd,  
 Prepared as for angelic kind ;  
 The lovely sight suspended thoughts renew'd,  
 And intense longing fill'd the mind.  
 The wish was consummation—time and space  
 Annihilate', at once I found  
 An orb less distant, where the eye might trace  
 Scenes later far in time's vast round.

O great the change ! Created, fallen, lost !  
 Man's curse o'er all the earth had spread.  
 In one brief instant seem'd the spirit tost  
 From hope and joy to fear and dread.  
 What erst rejoic'd in light, now lay in gloom,  
 'Neath black, dissolving clouds appall'd !  
 Thick stifling air took place of sweet perfume,  
 And warblings ceas'd, where thunders roll'd.

The dull, continued splash of surging waves  
 Ruthless, torments the unwilling ear ;  
 Despairing men in crowds leave holes and caves  
 Ere, overwhelmed, they disappear.

Incessantly the sullen, stealthy foe,  
    (Absorbing vengeance arm'd with) creeps  
Gradual (o'er plains and groves submerg'd below)  
    Remorseless, up the lessening steeps.

On thousand hills, by frantic terror driv'n,  
    Is gather'd all of earthly life ;  
Yet, impotent to save (with lightnings riv'n)  
    Earth yields its victims to the strife.  
While up, th' insatiate, swelling waters rise,  
    Despair sits silent, waiting death ;  
Save when in agony rack'd nature cries  
    Struggling, for aid, with bubbling breath.

High in mid air th' avenging angel stands,  
    Begirt with clouds of thickest gloom ;  
Marshalling destruction ! Whilst with outstretch'd hands  
    All seek t' evade impending doom.  
Immutable, he points from height to height,  
    *There* the red lightning sweeps o'er all ;  
The hissing waters quench its blasting light  
    As the sapp'd mountains, conquer'd fall.

Our mortal nature shrinks in sickening dread  
    Back from those views the spirit saw ;  
Life, Light, and Beauty, from the world were fled ;  
    Darkness and death fulfill'd the law.  
Ye holy remnant saved of Adam's race,  
    Ark'd on the bosom of the flood ;  
Thro' latest ages may your children trace  
    All judgment to one source of good.

"Behold !" the hidden essence said,—And fain  
    Rush'd the chill'd soul to that bright sun  
Sustaining earth : first mirror'd link whose chain  
    Throughout eternity doth run.

With bow of promise arch'd, renewed stood earth,  
In loveliness again adorn'd ;  
All bounteous love again had given birth  
To *all* before so reckless scorn'd.

(Yet ere I reach'd) on its eternal way  
Met I the song "On earth is peace,  
"Goodwill to men!" "A sure and steadfast stay,  
My love shall bid their sorrows cease!"  
In joyful hope I traced the heavenly law  
(Where naught but holiness e'er trod)  
"My strength I give, that perfect love may draw  
Each unto each, and all to God."

Long o'er the land had spread the sons of men,  
As kindreds, tribes and nations known ;  
Proud cities rear'd their heads on hill and plain,  
Subject was all to man alone.  
There too, I saw of ev'ry clime and tongue  
The lowly poor, the learned and great ;  
The weakly wicked and the goodly strong,  
Souls fired with love, hearts dark with hate.

Descending from on high, a Spirit fair,  
Justice her name, the silence brake ;  
Her "still small voice" thrill'd thro' the trembling air  
As slow and solemn thus she spake :  
"Ye sons of men, is that Almighty pow'r  
Which loosed the fountains of the deep,  
And in dread wrath impell'd the fiery show'r,  
Which can create or end, asleep ?

"Ye favour'd race, in God's own image made,  
Ever, from love's unsparing hand  
Receiving all things good ; can ye evade  
His wrath—as ye do his command ?

Who gifted are with pow'r, take ye no rest,  
But bid the sorrowing rejoice ;  
Peace ye shall find, Yea, and ye shall be blest  
If ye in this obey my voice !"

Th' oppress'd, with all the good, lift' up their eyes,  
And heav'nly glories met their sight ;  
To tyrants and the wicked seem'd the louring skies  
True type of an eternal night.  
"Twas strange as I approach'd the earth, to feel  
The spirit fainter growing, fast ;  
Gradual away the soul's perceptions steal,  
The vision fade—and all was past !

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### REGNOR HALL.

---

Being a relique of antient minstrelsie translated into modern verse.

---

Loud sang the bugle horn,  
Thro' the clear frosty morn  
Far, on the breezes borne,  
Echoes awaking :  
Playful the noble hounds  
Sprang, at the cheering sounds,  
Quick, with their nimble bounds,  
Kennels forsaking.

Of rang old Regnor Hall  
With the loud huntsman's call  
When, forth from ev'ry stall,  
    Came the fleet coursers ;  
Yet, ne'er that ancient keep  
Heard sounds more loudly sweep  
Than these, from rest and sleep  
    Early divorcers.

"Lead for the tangled brake,"  
Thus old Sir Roger spake,  
Then bade the warder take  
    Charge o'er his daughter;  
Mounting each noble steed  
All join'd with prancing speed  
Down where the huntsmen lead,  
    Bent on stern slaughter.

(Fair lady Ellen saw  
All the gay train withdraw,  
Fill'd was her heart with woe  
    On that bright morning ;  
Lonely the moments fly  
There in her turret high  
Ev'ry impatient sigh  
    Wantonly scorning.)

On thro' the tangled dell,  
Rising each woodland swell,  
Swept the proud huntsmen well  
    Joyous and sprightly :  
Then on their sylvan gear.  
And on each hunting spear,  
Shone the sun full and clear  
    Glancing so brightly.



(Dire was the maiden's thought,  
Morn, grief to her had brought,  
Few words had trouble wrought,

By the knight spoken :  
" I swear by cross and sword  
Thou shalt wed Lyndon's Lord,  
Know that my plighted word  
Cannot be broken."

Winding in circles round,  
Scented each noble hound  
Close to the very ground  
By the frost covered ;  
High in the tranquil air,  
As seeking safety there,  
Many a covey rare,  
Constantly hover'd.

(Mournful the maiden still  
Gaz'd forth on dale and hill,  
Grief could not change her will,  
She was indignant ;  
Old age and sordid mind  
Might not her favour find,  
Her choice was young and kind,  
Brave and benignant.)

Now, from their secret lair  
Snuffing the tainted air,  
Sprang forth a nimble pair,  
Fear thus impelling ;  
Tossing their antlers high,  
Bounding, they swiftly fly,  
Hark ! the loud hunting cry  
Shouting and yelling.

(Glossy, her auburn hair  
 Shaded her brow so fair,  
 Innocence rested there  
     Pensive and truthful;  
 Love lurk'd within her eyes,  
 Blue as the azure skies,  
 Grace in her bearing lies,  
     Lofty yet youthful.)

Dashing thro' brake and brook  
 Headlong their way they took.  
 Ne'er one the track forsook,  
     Reckless, unheeding  
 With speed that would not flag  
 Gained they the beetling crag,  
 O'er fell the foremost stag  
     Wounded and bleeding.

(Now o'er the winding plain  
 Saw she a knightly train,  
 Hope flutter'd once again  
     Cheering fair Ellen;  
 Foremost advances one  
 Who many battles won,  
 Many famed deeds hath done,  
     Noble Dunkellen.

Swerving with sudden fear  
 Rush'd the remaining deer,  
 Huntsmen and hounds more near  
     Madly pursuing;  
 "On!" old Sir Roger cried,  
 "Honour wins youthful bride;"  
 Vainly old Lyndon tried  
     Such vig'rous wooing.

(Anxious the maiden sate !  
Halt they before the gate—  
Fired by her heart elate  
    Beam'd her eye brightly ;  
Soon as his form was known  
Quickly a token, down  
Fell (from the casement thrown)  
    At his feet lightly.)

Bravely the stag at bay  
Kept the fierce dogs away,  
Tears, 'mid the laughter gay,  
    From his eye rolling ;  
Sir Roger's knife so good  
First drew the crimson flood,  
Hunters, as round they stood,  
    Watch'd the stag falling.

(Low bowed the knight his head,  
As he the token read,  
Then to the rest he said  
    " This is our duty ;"  
(Here he the token kiss'd)  
" Tyranny to resist  
And, to the death, assist  
    Virtue and beauty."

Mounting with eager haste  
Speed they with song and jest  
Back to the wedding feast,  
    With their spoil laden ;  
Many, with gibing word  
Sharper than two-edg'd sword.  
Query'd how such a lord  
    Won such a maiden.

(Down, at his trumpet-call,  
Did the huge drawbridge fall,  
Fill'd they the spacious hall  
    Arméd and steady ;  
And from the turret stair,  
Answ'ring his courtly pray'r,  
Frankly, with modest air,  
    Came the fair lady.)

Then 'twas in whispers told  
How that Dunkellen bold  
Was by Lord Lyndon sold  
    Wounded to slavery ;  
And how, when Ellen heard,  
Sank she without a word,  
And that her sire preferr'd  
    Riches to bravery.

(Deep and respectful love  
Did brave Dunkellen move,  
Low bowed the pluméd grove  
    At her appearing ;  
Then to the court with speed  
Mounting his arméd steed  
Bravely he took the lead  
    His betrothed bearing.)

Gaily the hunting train  
Reach'd Regnor Hall, again,  
"Greet we with blythe refrain  
    Beauteous Ellen !"  
Ho ! when the tale they heard,  
Wild, Lyndon's rage appear'd—  
Loudly the young knights cheer'd  
    "Long live Dunkellen !"

THE WAYFARERS.

---

"Hail ! fellow traveller ; thy load  
Seems heavy, and this dusty road  
His plodding toil doth ill-repay,  
Who travels thro' the tortured day  
Its weary length !"

"In truth 'tis so," the other said,  
Whose feeble gait and hoary head  
A full and ripe old age betray'd ;  
"By load of years wellnigh I'm weigh'd  
Beyond my strength !

"This shadeless path I've trod, since when  
The first of threescore years and ten  
Upon my shoulder TIME did place ;  
And constantly as he doth pass  
He adds one more.

"When last he marked my failing breath  
He promis'd that his old friend DEATH  
Should ease me of my years and pain  
When that he pass'd this way again,  
And all be o'er."

"He'll fail you then," the young man said,  
While smiles his open face o'erspread,  
"He promised, when he pass'd this way,  
To bring with him this very day  
My lovely bride."

"Alack ! young man—our ev'ry whim  
Fulfilling, is no task to him ;  
He poverty or riches bears,  
Or age, or joy, or loads of cares,  
Or power and pride !"

Just then, a sigh and laugh they heard,  
And Time with scythe and glass appear'd ;  
The old man shiver'd gaspingly,  
While sounds like wind-blown leaves rush'd by—  
And he was gone !

The young man turn'd, and at his side  
Appear'd his beauteous, promised bride ;  
"May bliss enrol you in her train,  
My face ye both shall see again"—  
And Time pass'd on.

S E R E N A D E .  

---

Gentle Lady, ere thou sleepest,  
Hear our last commingling lay ;  
Now while darkness spreads her deepest  
Contrast to the distant day.  
May thy slumbers and thy dreamings  
Thread with silver, woof of night ;  
On thy waking may Hope's gleamings  
Flash their flood of rich-vein'd light,—  
Thus gently blessing thee ;  
In love caressing thee ;  
We waft a ling'ring, soft "good night !"

Softly treading, now we leave thee ;  
Waiting watchers, whisper "cease !"  
Lest our earthborn strains might grieve thee,  
Ent'ring on Sleep's realm of peace.  
Farewell, fair one—Shadows creeping  
Press each sense with downy weight ;  
All the guardians of thy sleeping,  
Take their stations till the light.  
Then, gently blessing thee ;  
In love caressing thee,  
We waft a ling'ring, soft "good night !"

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT.

---

When yet lay the universe buried in sleep,  
And this ye call "earth" was a chaotic heap;  
And silence profound brooded over the deep  
While ages pass'd by :  
Then, drest in the robes of my first, thickest gloom,  
My empire and realm infinity's womb,  
Sole monarch was I.

But when the proud sun first contested my reign,  
Against him my blackbanner'd hosts fought in vain ;  
The struggle was hopeless 'gainst legions that then  
The firmament set :  
I fled, but he follow'd with vengeance and ire ;  
And round, without ceasing, with visage of fire  
He chaseth me yet !

Tho' conquer'd, the tyrant I ever defy ;  
Incessant he follows, and before him I fly :  
Before him and after him dark'ning the sky  
And shrouding the deep.  
O'er all the bright spots which e'er joy'd in his beams,  
O'er forests and deserts, o'er meadows and streams  
I constantly creep.

O ! rare are the sights that my veil covers o'er,  
Which I find in his pathway behind and before ;  
Of good and of evil, of rich and of poor,  
All secrets I know.  
In city or hamlet, all want and despair,  
Unwitting, before me lies naked and bare  
Wherever I go.



The profligate scenes which depravity owns,  
 And temples of flesh full of hypocrite's bones ;  
 From hovels to halls, thence to sceptres and crowns,

To all I am free :

All these, with the giddy and wantonly gay,  
 My dark shadow seek, but, when comes the day,  
 They vanish with me.

The tempest-rock'd sailor, exhausted and worn,  
 As o'er the black brine his wild vessel is borne  
 Or straining 'mid mountain waves, prays for the morn

Which hears not his call :

When old father ocean has heard the last plea  
 And split the last plank, then he howls in his glee  
 And I see it all.

The sun sees the world drest in glitter and show,  
 With falsepainted roses and gem-beck'd brow ;  
 What he leaves in laughter, that I find in woe,

And gone is its glare :

But they whom the sun finds the objects of scorn,  
 And they who the load of oppression have borne,  
 I find them in pray'r.

O'er scenes where in whispers love speaks to his fair  
 And perfume of roses makes fragrant the air ;  
 O'er all things delicious—o'er joy and o'er care,

My vapours I roll :

And when I unveil the chaste Luna's calm face,  
 And her maidens attend in their virginal grace,  
 I speak to the soul.

Oh ! varied the scenes, and as varied the deeds  
 Which, every instant, my empire o'erspreads ;  
 They follow with me where the sun ever leads

But never see light.

Each year as it goes, ev'ry shadow, each hour,  
 New themes offers up, increasing in pow'r

"The song of the night."

## THE EASEL.

Fathers of art—(and daubs) departed hence,  
 Shadows and shades, forgiveness grant!  
 (Rhymedom, impertinent, may give offence)  
 And let th' supply exceed the want.  
 Terrestrial things are topsy turvy turn'd—  
 (Th' effect of science) Ere the earth  
 Was turn'd into a football by the learn'd  
 And kick'd thro' space with *bootless* mirth,  
 Things rightly went; but now go just as wrong,  
 Confusion toppling as we roll along!

'Tis long since then when "time was out of joint,"—  
 The whole machine groans now and creaks;  
 Men's proper places did the gods appoint.  
 Now, throughout all, disorder speaks.  
 Pigmies have tumbled into giant's seats,  
 Fools into places most unfit;  
 On masts of state, while round the tempest beats,  
 Shortsighted watchmen, often sit.  
 Unfit like these, or as an imp for saint,  
 Let limners rhyme, and once, a rhymers paint.

And first, with colours from the rainbow wrung  
 Tint we the canvas, painting *Hope*.  
 Hope forms the ground and future of the young,  
 But bounded by their vision's scope.  
 Far in the background, shadowy and dim,  
 Yet reach'd by tints from th' foreground cast,  
 Fix'd *Fate* stands firm, faint as the misty gleam  
 From haze-veil'd moon when day is past.  
 She, swell'd with the past in all its shapes,  
 The present swallows, for the future gapes.

Supporting Hope, the spirit *Life* appears,  
 In never-ending years arrayed;  
 Each instant sev'ring from our mortal years,  
*As sever'd, 'tis to fate conveyed.*  
 Who that would view the shade Oblivion call'd?  
 (A fiction forth from evil sprung)  
 If, from the face of Fate the mist be roll'd,  
 Can such a name to this belong?  
 Fate seems the bound'ry of the picture here,  
 Yet from beyond, thro' all, a light gleams clear.

These, fix'd adornments, on the canvas glow,  
 Now for the rest—what paint we here?  
 Time's circle fill'd with bubbles *Life* doth blow!  
 What bubbles? Th' allegory's clear  
 'Tis man is meant! The hidden life we view  
 Thro' each transparent, mortal shroud,  
 In all its workings.—All man ever knew  
 Of things beyond, as light thro' cloud  
 Streams, chequer'd by this medium, to the soul.  
 He in such bonds could never view the whole!

But, moralizing truce! These bubbles, next  
 Our skill and best attention claim,  
 To paint, in words, a truly noble text!  
 That reptile mark, of slimy fame  
 And ancient too, its devious, noiseless course  
 Imprints and leaves upon the soil.  
 Leaves *that* a trace commensurate with its force  
 Of ev'ry effort in its toil?  
 Yea—Thus shall ev'ry winding traced by man  
 Be view'd by angels in the earth-mark'd plan.

Now dip in colour colder than the snow  
 On coldest Asiatic height;  
 (Stern winter's resting-place) careful and slow

Portray a granite rock—'twere light  
 And warm, yea melting, the' in caverned ice  
 'Neath extreme pole lock'd up and bound,  
 Compared to th' petrification (harder thrice  
 Than flint) in that stern bosom found,  
 Which MAMMON makes its god! With skill and art  
 Lay bare that thing yeapt a miser's *Heart*.

His course thro' moral sinks and pools he takes,  
 A filthy, nauseous, creeping thing,  
 Than vampire worse. A horrid way he makes  
 Thro' living hearts; his barbed sting,  
 With want's dread mixture charged, the soul strikes deep,  
 Envenoming the very springs of life.  
 In heartwrung woe, and tears that orphans weep  
 The monster finds his joy most rife.  
 In dreams, his father's, mother's soul he sold,  
 And curs'd when he awoke and found not gold!

More grateful next the task our pencil tries,  
 Wash'd in the springs of love and truth;  
 Dipt in the dew which on the roseleaf lies,  
 Spreading the tints of virgin youth.  
 The perfect "line of beauty" here unfolds  
 Each physical and moral grace;  
 Sweet purity throughout her eye beholds,  
 She breathes its sweets in ev'ry place.  
 Yielding as down, her ev'ry impulse charms,  
 Nor ev'n in thought her spirit-guard alarms.

With tripping feet she shakes the jewelled grass,  
 And, laughing, greets the morning sun;  
 Thro' perfumed bowers of love her path shall pass,  
 In which, the stream of bliss may run.  
 O lovely innocence! Thy beauteous form

In youth's blest morning, fresh appears ;  
 Thy sweetest sister Hope stills ev'ry storm,  
 And with thee paints the coming years.  
 In hoary age thy far-off echoes steal,  
 And mem'ry's chords wake joys that angels feel !

And here (between ourselves) for rare effect  
 Ye Shades, we'll drape the world in red !  
 Now figures one who "Glory" reaps direct  
 Much easier than the poor reap bread ;  
 (For they, wantstricken souls ! (here paint a waste  
 And desert tract) their lords must feed  
 And clothe, or ere, like dogs, the crumbs they taste  
 Which for their toil is deem'd the meed)  
 A flesh-gorg'd fiend, who in his tenderest mood  
 Glares for new victims while his tongue laps blood.

Close, from his youth, a gallows dogs his heels  
 Unceasing, in his bloodstain'd path ;  
 While young in crime, a nameless fear he feels  
 And terror, of the law's dread wrath.  
 Eluding justice, feebler spirits run  
 And aid, by numbers, his design ;  
 Till, step by step, a thousand murders done,  
 A glimpse he sees of "right divine."  
 As looms a crown, the gallows shrinks appall'd,  
 A murderer once—but now "anointed" call'd !

On this ensanguined ground, how sweet appears  
 Calm CHARITY, with aspect meek ;  
 Philanthropy and her, with smiles chase tears  
 From hearts and eyes oppress'd and weak.  
 How calmly pure thro' misery's haunts she goes,  
 With life and comfort in her train ;  
 O'er naked vice, with downcast eye, she throws  
 That mantle which hides ev'ry stain.

When God designed that peace should fill the earth,  
In that design, O Charity ! we read thy birth.

Thro' that bright halo that she sheds around,  
The hand of FAITH her guide, is seen ;  
These two, with HOPE, the soul hath ever found  
Straight bound to Heav'n, with earth between.  
When on the circle TIME the tangent DEATH  
Prohibits LIFE a longer stay ;  
The bubble bursts—The LIFE escapes with breath,  
Where misty Fate *begins* the way.  
All things towards Fate's extended jaws move fast !  
Of all things there engulf'd, DEATH enters last !

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#### JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

---

" O Israel's God ! Ador'd and fear'd—  
Who once the mighty Joshua heard,  
And, at his prayer, thy awful will  
Bade sun, and moon, and time stand still ;  
I, Israel's captain, humbly bow :  
Accept, O Lord, my solemn vow !  
If on our side our God will stand,  
This heathen host into my hand  
Deliv'ring : whose heart shall burn  
To greet thy servant's glad return  
With primal welcome, shall, the price  
Fulfil, and be the sacrifice ! "

The battle is ended, their thousands are slain ;  
And Ammon's proud boasters encumber the plain :

The victors have left to death's silence the field ;  
 The setting sun playing on helmet and shield.  
 The clang of their arms as they steadily tread,  
 Beats time to the music by which they are led :  
 With Jephthah their chief the proud army doth come  
 From conflict and conquest, to Mispeh, his home.  
 His deeds of high daring every eye hath beheld ;  
 His praises the strains of their triumph have swell'd ;  
 With what noble air he treads calmly along,  
 So godlike and tall 'mid the warrior throng.  
 And proudly beside him, in honours well won,  
 Walks he whom great Jephthah hath named as his son.  
 But 'over the plain comes a lovelier sight,  
 A wreath bearing band of pure virgins in white ;  
 With timbrels and dances, along the bright sward  
 Advancing, with welcome and warriors' reward.  
 The ranks part asunder as nearer they come !  
 Now hush'd is the clarion, and noiseless the drum ;  
 Advances the chief thro' the now silent ranks,  
 The train to receive with a conqueror's thanks.  
 And still they approach with their dances and songs,  
 And words as tho' spoken by silvery tongues :  
 But see ! the great captain—the conqueror starts—  
 And tenderness thrills through a thousand brave hearts :  
 For lo ! there, the foremost, so lovely and fair,  
 His daughter he meets ! the *one* child of his care.  
 How graceful her mien ; how exultant her look ;  
 As, kneeling before him, thus nobly she spoke :

" Illustrious chief ! with joy we bring  
 These tokens, which thy people send ;  
 We strew with flow'rs thy path, and sing  
 The first of strains that shall not end.  
 Thy glory shall be Gilead's pride,  
 Thy valour be thy country's fame ;

Posterity shall spread it wide,  
 And future Israel bless thy name.  
 'Tis theirs, thy noble actions to approve ;  
 And mine, to crown thee with a daughter's love ! ”

Awhile he speechless stood. Beneath that brow  
 The glaring and defiant eye reveal'd  
 Such agony as none but parents know,  
 And they but once ! He stood, as tho' were seal'd  
 All hope from God or man ; and yet would each  
 And both, defy. Again his daughter spoke,  
 And, as a ray the pit of night may reach,  
 It touch'd his soul, and tend'rer thoughts awoke.

“ My child ! ” in falt'ring accents thus he spake,  
 And o'er his form convulsive shudd'rings crept ;  
 “ Thy words of love but deeper pangs awake,  
 My soul is rent—and yet, it must be kept,  
 That horrid vow ! I tell thee that thy sire  
 Is but a murderer—but O ! my child,  
 The thought consumes and scathes the brain like fire,  
 And anguish drives me to distraction wild ! ”

“ Ye craven slaves ! will none uplift a voice,  
 And swear she did not foremost come ? Nay then,  
 This arm shall bid the fiends of blood rejoice,  
 And smile o'er hecatombs of slaughter'd men !  
 Forgive, just Heav'n, these wild, insensate words !  
 And thou, my daughter, dost thou yet not know  
 The words I'd speak but that they pierce like swords ;  
 Thou art the victim ! Dost thou hate me now ? ”

He gaz'd around on all that num'rous host,  
 Whose ev'ry eye with sympathy replied ;



All sternness in the father's love was lost,  
 And intense grief o'erwhelm'd the conqueror's pride.  
 "Prepare, my child—my daughter, O prepare!—  
 I cannot speak the rest! But daughter, say  
 Canst thou, for deed which leaves him to despair,  
 Forgive thy father—yet thy fate obey?"

One look of ling'ring tenderness she cast  
 On him, the image of her youthful dream;  
 And o'er her face an instant's shadow pass'd  
 As when a cloud sails o'er some raylit stream.  
 Her words, on tones of melting softness borne,  
 Like music, heard 'mid pauses of the storm,  
 Sooth'd, as they fell on, hearts with anguish torn;  
 While Jephthah's arm rais'd up her kneeling form.

"My love, O father, words would faintly speak—  
 Thy vow, for Israel's honour made, shall I—  
 Would any—child of Israel wish to break?  
 For those we love, how easy 'tis to die!  
 That gaze of sorrow, speaking anguish'd thought,  
 My inborn joy, O father, doth repress;  
 All earth, her joys, her riches, were as nought,  
 If I could die and leave thee happiness!"

To notes of woe the virgin band return'd,  
 And all that host, with slow and solemn tread;  
 And ev'ry heart which late with conquest burn'd,  
 Was quench'd in sorrow—bow'd was ev'ry head!  
 No longer clank of arms their steps attends,  
 So slow and mournful march they o'er the green;  
 Pray'rs born of grief, arise while night descends,  
 And darkness, welcome, covers all the scene.

THE ORPHAN.

---

"Twas Christmas eve, our games were o'er  
And, round the grandsire's old arm chair,  
Were cluster'd youngsters some half score  
With clam'rous tongues, yet loving air.

"One tale, just one, before 'good night,'"   
Said Willie, bright hair'd, joyous child;  
"Just one," cried they with youthful might,  
The old man fondly on them smiled.

"But let it be a true tale, please,"  
Said one, as to his arms he ran;  
He kindly bade their clamour cease,  
And sighing, gently thus began:—

"The chill bleak wind blew loud and strong,  
One dreary wild was mead and moor;  
The eddying snowdrifts drave along,  
And seal'd was hall and cottage door.

"The blinding snowflakes fill'd the air,  
The white clad earth lay, lost, beneath;  
Wan-visaged Storm stalk'd fearful there,  
And shriek'd to night his dirge of death.

"Belated, on that wintry night,  
I homeward wended o'er the hill,  
The tempest fiercer grew in might,  
The cutting wind blew keener still.

" ' God help the houseless ! ' once I said,  
As paused I for a minute's rest ;  
' And shield each poor, defenceless head,  
From this white whirl and fearful blast.'

" I started, and a thrill of fear,  
An instant ran throughout my frame ;  
A feeble voice fell on my ear,  
(From out the wreathéd drift it came.)

" ' My mother, O I feel so cold ! '   
Such was the sentence which I heard ;  
And written volumes had not told  
A deeper woe than did each word.

" With hasty, agitated thought,  
Across the yielding bank I sped ;  
And, half-revealed thro' th' gloom, was brought  
A sight, not yet from mem'ry fled.

" A female form (half covered o'er  
With earth's own winter's winding-sheet,  
Pale, motionless, to move no more,  
Smiling a smile surpassing sweet,)

" Pure as her heav'n-descended shroud,  
In that wild storm, was, beauteous, laid ;  
Weirdly her raven tresses flow'd,  
As madly past the stormfiends play'd."

" A child, in whose emaciate' form,  
Gaunt misery's work the eye might trace,  
Knelt, and with hands benumb'd by th' storm,  
Brush'd back the snow from her pale face.

" His thin lips whisper'd ' Mother wake,  
    'Tis very cold !' then paused awhile ;  
But no fond word that mother spake,  
    Unchang'd remain'd that calm sweet smile."

" Another child of sorrow left,  
    Want's cruel, cold dark waves to breast ;  
Of kindred, love, of all bereft,  
    A brother of the earth's unblest !"

" I wrapp'd his chill'd limbs ere I spake  
    ' Poor wanderer, my home come share !'  
' Oh sir, please let my mother wake,  
    'Tis very cold, sir, for her there !' "

" With gentle words I sooth'd his grief—  
    O'ercome with warmth, he childlike slept ;  
I wearily gain'd home's relief :  
    And faithfully that charge I've kept."

The good old man, with trembling hand,  
    Here swept the tear such mem'ries brought ;  
While gaz'd the list'ning youthful band,  
    With looks of love and earnest thought.

" Oh ! once I dreamt—'tis long ago"  
    Said Willie, " of a night so wild ;"  
He answer'd, and his voice was low,  
    " Thou, Willie, art that orphan child !"

Tearful and sad grew Willie's look,  
    " My more than father ! was *she* dead,  
My mother ?" shudd'ring as he spoke,  
    While, tears of sympathy, we shed.

"Nine winters now have well-nigh past,  
 (One hour the measure will fulfil)  
 This night ten years, thro' that fierce blast,  
 I bore thee, Willie, from the hill."

"As oft as comes this twelvemonth night,  
 This charge distinct, to me is giv'n ;  
 (While shines around me radiant light)  
 'Prepare my orphan boy for heav'n.' "

"Sadness to-night weighs down my heart,  
 Forebodings press upon the mind :  
 Can, to the soul, such doubts impart  
 The flying spirits of the wind ?"

But Willie answer'd not—for lo !  
 A heav'nly joy his face express ;  
 His eyes were raised as tho' he saw  
 Some wonder hidden from the rest.

He fell, as, like electric dart,  
 Thro' ev'ry soul these words were sped,  
 "My child !" "My mother !" "ne'er to part !"—  
 We rais'd him—but the life was fled.

---

#### I D E A L I T Y.

---

Lighter than sighs that zephyrs breathe,  
 Richer than flowers that poets wreath ;  
 Brighter than tints that sunset throws,  
 Or drops of morning dew disclose ;  
 Fleeter than light that darts thro' space,  
 Or gleams that flying meteors trace,  
 Are sparkling show'rs from Fancy's wings,  
 (Just seen and gone) that rev'rie brings.—

The steady eye of Reason's rays  
On dull reality doth gaze ;  
But Fancy ! wanting *her*, where then  
Were artist's gift or poet's pen ?  
See how, touch'd by her spirit wand,  
Bare winter dress'd in flow'rs doth stand !  
When grosser nature, wearied, sleeps,  
On mounting wing how Fancy sweeps  
Thro' realms where Reason, lone and lost,  
In pathless darkness would be tost  
By spirit whirlwinds, on that sea  
Whose tide o'erspreads eternity.—  
That dreamy sleeper, pale and gaunt,  
Drest in the livery of want,  
A king might envy, as he lies  
And lives thro' scenes where Fancy flies ;  
He grasps a sceptre, wears a crown,  
And rules a kingdom all his own.—  
Stern Reason starves—'tis Fancy's gleam,  
He sleeps to live, and wakes to dream.  
Or, mark the look of wearied thought  
Which toilsome reasoning hath brought  
And stamp'd on brow of youth and sage ;  
Who, nature's mysteries engage.  
The end not gain'd, his reason foil'd ;  
Unseen the goal for which he toil'd ;  
When, wearied out, 'tis Reason's night,  
Oft Fancy sheds around her light,  
If Reason catch it, lo ! 'tis won ;  
It shines an instant, and is gone.  
A myriad glitt'ring, tiny threads,  
Reveal'd by light that Fancy sheds,  
And as such useless, might be brought  
Together, and by Reason wrought  
And welded strong as iron greaves,  
Could reason grasp *all* Fancy weaves ;

"Impossible" her beams efface,  
And "fact accomplish'd" fills its place.—  
Wherever Reason's rays now play,  
There Fancy pioneer'd the way;  
The seas were travers'd by her brood,  
Her strength both winds and tides withstood,  
Thro' rocky hills she pierc'd her way,  
And horseless chariots own'd her sway;  
From Christian east to heathen west  
She mark'd where unknown lands might rest,  
She saw the lightning leave its course,  
And bend to man its speed and force,  
She rais'd a vessel from the wave,  
And pow'r of thousand eagles gave  
O'er loftiest hills to skim thro' air  
And earth's most pond'rous riches bear,  
And trains of men, 'neath gaseous shrouds,  
Dart, meteor like, thro' mists and clouds;  
All these, complete can Fancy view  
While Reason toils and struggles through.—  
As Reason views the starry host,  
And wondering, is in wonder lost,  
(Her knowledge of the grand immense  
Built up and bas'd on things of sense)  
There, Ideality doth reign  
With new creations in her train;  
Each twinkling point a sun becomes  
Enlight'ning worlds, and myriad homes  
Of happy beings whirl thro' space,  
Which Reason's eye may never trace.  
'Twas thus Fabricius saw and lov'd;  
Unstable as the wind he rov'd  
And, careless of her smiles or frowns,  
He mock'd the pow'r that Beauty owns.  
But Fancy took revenge at length  
While Reason slept; with all her strength

She bore him, "captive, thro' those homes  
Where naught, without her, ever comes.  
Thro' gently waving groves, where spreads  
Ethereal perfume; and o'er meads  
Whose ev'ry undulating slope  
Produc'd the flow'rs which Joy and Hope  
Have consecrated as their own;  
'Mong shades where hung in clusters down  
That fruit, which, when of old 'twas press'd  
And drunk from cups the gods had bless'd,  
Made men immortal; and o'er streams  
Which sparkled in elysium's beams  
She wafted him; and purer songs,  
Than aught that to this earth belongs  
E'er sung or heard before, arose  
From bow'rs where spirit passion grows;  
And forms of beauty, here and there,  
Whose graces charm'd the ambient air,  
Were wand'ring in the blossom'd bow'rs,  
Or weaving wreaths on banks of flow'rs.  
Yes, there Fabricius saw and lov'd;  
His boasted strength sheer weakness prov'd.  
His life since then is one long sigh,  
And Fancy taunts him constantly  
By whispering lover's words, and shows  
*His* fair consoling *other* woes.—  
Cold Reason views the grinning sleep  
Of hideous Death, a mould'ring heap,  
And shudders! Drags us in despair  
To feed the worms—and leaves us there!  
But ah! what mild yet piercing light  
Is this, so soft, and yet so bright;  
And what—but, wond'rous! can it be?  
Why Reason, dotard! dost thou see  
That *spirit* beauty, cloth'd in light?  
Is that thy death—is this thy night?



While Reason fills the air with groans,  
And fills the earth with dead men's bones ;  
So Fancy fashions them anew,  
Prepares a heav'n—and fills it too !  
When Reason's tempest clouds arise,  
*She* sees, beyond, carulean skies ;  
Her vision scans the hoary past,  
And spreads green life o'er Reason's waste.  
The present, Reason doth obey ;  
The past and future, own *her* sway.  
When slowly dawn of morning breaks,  
And dark wrapp'd nature, winking wakes ;  
And day comes on serene and pale  
Yet vig'rous, over hill and vale :  
She flings her charm o'er op'ning eyes,  
And men awake, and joyful rise  
To find it Sabbath : while around  
Is still'd all but the rev'rent sound  
Of whisper'd pray'rs or matin hymns,  
From men and beasts, and winds and streams.  
A holy calm she spreads, and swells  
The mellow sound of Sabbath bells.  
To village church, o'er daisied plain,  
By rustic stile, thro' blossom'd lane ;  
From low thatch'd cot and park-fenc'd hall,  
See young and old obey the call.  
The low-roof'd building, ivy clad,  
With loopholed steeple, tott'ring made  
By time and storms ; the silent grace  
Which broods o'er man's last resting place ;  
The half-hid stones, moss-grown and gray,  
Their quaint designs half worn away ;  
All this, to Reason's eyes and ears,  
But cold reality appears ;  
Yet IDEALITY gives zest  
And full fruition to its rest,

Tho' waking on a desert's sands,  
Or seen, in thought, from heathen lands.  
When Memory and Reason fail,  
'Tis Fancy bright takes up the tale ;  
To her alone the secret's giv'n,  
By wishing for—to make a heav'n !

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## PATRIOTISM.

---

Our country owns her myriad souls,  
Which each with patriot scorn would glow,  
Should tyrants or their servile tools  
On her the breath of insult blow.  
But fire and bravery that can fling  
Widespread defiance on the breeze,—  
Not solely such her sons should bring,  
True patriotism is more than these.

'Tis well—and Virtue sees with pride  
The mustering ranks which know no fears ;  
And Britain smiles on her allied,  
Her free, her manly volunteers :  
But 'tis not all—a kindred love  
To that which her defenders fires,  
Should work to raise her claims above  
That height to which mere might aspires.

Call that land blest, which aye is found  
For ev'ry threatening foe prepar'd ;  
And yet whose pow'r by arms is crown'd  
More honour'd in the world than fear'd.  
A country's patriots are they  
Whose valour prov'd, is yet the least  
They bring to aid their nation's sway,  
And make her greater than the rest.

To place her foremost of the age,  
In all the arts that Peace hath rais'd ;  
To win the good, the wise, the sage,  
By laws on right and justice based :  
To make her *worthy* all esteem  
And all defence and patriot pride ;  
With less—true patriotism may seem,  
But never can be—satisfied.

It rests with England's sons, that she  
(On that dark path where waiting stands  
Fate's sentinel) a light may be  
And leader, to less favour'd lands.  
Be such our aim—in arts and arms  
All ranks as one disdaining schism ;  
Then, nations, ceasing vain alarms,  
Shall love, or fear, our patriotism !

## THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

---

Not by lapse of many years,  
But thro' showers of sorrow's tears  
Is the eye that flash'd quick light,  
Darkened as with coming night.

Vanished are the forest shades  
And the bushy, tangled glades ;  
Hence, are hunters, warriors, gone  
Backward to the setting sun !

When, from o'er the mighty lake  
(Westward) he his course did take,  
*There* he mark'd the white man's place,  
Here he found the red man's race.

Gone, departed with the past,  
Sere leaves driven by the blast !  
Shades of warriors, now forgot,  
Haunt each changed and ravished spot !

Slow, my heavy feet have trod  
Brambled path and prairie sod ;  
Still the red man seeks his rest,  
Stretching to the dim, far west !

Far behind, your sons (ye braves)  
Leave your desecrated graves ;  
Strangers plough with careless mirth,  
Bones and mem'ry from the earth !

Rivers, lakes, and hunting grounds  
 Now re-echo other sounds  
 Than, when red man wandered o'er  
 All his own, on lake or shore !

Snapt the bow, the quiver lost !  
 Shadows are the red tribe's host !  
 Scatter'd by (in flight or death)  
 Whirlwind of the white man's breath !

Nodding trees wave sad adieu !  
 Mem'ry hallows all the view !  
 I, the last of race so brave,  
 Seek a lonely, unknown grave !



#### MOODS AND TENSES.



Naught equals the bliss  
 Receiv'd in a kiss  
     When love is return'd ;  
 Nor the torturing pain  
 In th' heart that doth reign  
     By jealousy burn'd.

Emotions we feel  
 Round the heartstrings steal  
     Of joy or of care,  
 Are but the stray leaves  
 The heart back receives,  
     They first blossom'd there !

The humble and true  
With grace fill the view  
In th' pathway they run ;  
The impure in mind  
Would easily find  
Black spots in the sun !

The darkness of night  
To th' spirit is light  
When steep'd in despair ;  
The sunshine of day  
In gloom faints away  
When freed from its care.

To whom it is giv'n  
To look up to heav'n  
That heaven shall have ;  
The eye that with gloom  
Envelopes the tomb  
Meets death and the grave !

---

G R I E F .

---

The weary heart, by grief bow'd down,  
In vain a resting place may seek ;  
Despondent shades around it thrown,  
'Mid sable darkness, bid it break.

Unknown, uncared for, and forlorn,  
Its trembling tendrils drooping lie.  
'Neath cold neglect or chilling scorn,  
In weakness sink, and withering die.

In vain the false-wreath'd lip appears  
In smiles for others joyous lot ;  
The heart itself, with inward tears,  
Is desolate, alone, forgot !

---

#### APOSTROPHE AT SEA.

---

Thou Spirit of this awful storm,  
Make light thy pow'rful hand ;  
And oh ! thou whirlwind shrouded form,  
Call back thy dread command !

The straining cordage shrieks thy might,  
As bends the trembling mast ;  
How terribly thy sister, Night,  
Has usher'd in thy blast !

The longmaned waves, from ev'ry side  
Rush forth with fearful sweep !  
And, hugs our ship, the tugging tide,  
To drag us to the deep.

One instant, quiv'ring on the top  
We view th' abyss beneath ;  
Or, darkly down, another stop,  
And wait a whelming death.

O turn aside this surging wrath !  
Let calm the expanse fill :  
And speak, thro' all thy tempest path,  
" Ye winds and waves, be still ! "

## THE SOLDIER'S BEQUEST.

Hear the clangor of victory sound ;  
Mark the destruction and havoc around :  
There the pale soldier lay low on the ground  
    While bleak winds were sighing.  
Close knelt a comrade, supporting his head,  
(Meet was the pillow for warrior's bed)  
Catching, with rev'rence, the words as they sped . . .  
    From lips that were dying.

" First bear me witness I fell in the fight  
For country and home, for freedom and right,  
Be mourning brief as death's terrors are light,  
    Tho' sudden and gory !  
Often my sword hath flash'd forth from its sheath ;  
Now, to my country take all left by Death !  
Oft have I bless'd her with prayerful breath ;  
    I leave her my glory !"

" Closer, my comrade ! My orphans I leave ;  
Pray thou our country the gift to receive :  
My blessing and them—'tis all I can give !"  
    (His comrade was weeping.)  
" Farewell !" he whisper'd, the soul took its flight !  
Low fell the shadows of hovering night !  
Beneath the green turf, spread over him light,  
    The soldier is sleeping.



## THE SOURCE OF BEAUTY.

---

In regal palaces and halls,  
Where jewell'd splendour sits enthroned ;  
Or glitt'ring scenes where pleasure calls,  
And hearts and harps to joy are toned ;  
Or lowly home of humble worth,  
Of village fair and rustic hind ;  
In high or low, this truth shines forth,  
The source of beauty is the mind.

The joyous smile or sparkling eye,  
The glance of scorn, the glow of love,  
The look resolv'd of purpose high,  
Or haggard hate, our faith shall prove.  
As swiftly fleets sunshine or shade,  
Expressive, on the face we find  
By hopes or fears, this truth portray'd  
The source of beauty is the mind.

As light or gloom pervades the soul,  
So to the eye the world appears ;  
As joy or grief usurps control,  
Is nature dress'd in smiles or tears.  
Thus changing, all things, as he moves,  
Does man inconstant, fickle, find,  
Nor feels the truth he constant proves,  
The source of beauty is the mind.

## THE PRESS.

The pow'r of that mighty and numerous host,  
 Which own'd soul-slaving Ignorance, king,  
 Is vanish'd and gone ; while rent, shiver'd and lost  
 Are the arms they to conflict would bring.  
 The Genius of good, looking down on the world,  
 Flung a ray thro' that gloom of distress ;  
 Vain gods turn'd to dust, from proud pedestals hurl'd,  
 W ere the first conquer'd foes of the Press.

## CHORUS.

Let rulers and judges and nations confess  
 All the might that is wielded and own'd by the Press.  
 As radiates light from the life-giving sun,  
 When he conquers the shadow and gloom ;  
 So, over the mind was the victory won,  
 When the press did its darkness illumine :  
 See old Superstition and Bigotry reel,  
 While Religion and Liberty bless,  
 As silently grappling their faggots and steel,  
 Fights, for truth, the strong arm of the Press.

## CHORUS.

Let rulers and judges and nations confess,  
 That Freedom's own voice is the voice of the Press.  
 The voice that awes tyrants, makes freemen of slaves ;  
 And crowns genius immortal 'mong men ;  
 By it speak the dead from their long-forgot' graves,  
 And the past is the present again.  
 Religion, and Science, and Liberty, bring  
 To its praise all the powers ye possess ;  
 And Progress, and Learning, and Peace, ever sing  
 Of your shield and defender, the Press.

## CHORUS.

With joy the whole empire of mind shall confess  
 The monarch of kings, is, a people's free Press.

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S. W. WALTON, PRINTER, PAVEMENT, TODMORDEN.

# ERRATA.

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Page 6, line 14, for weltrid	read well-tried.
„ 27, „ 21, „ in th'	„ in the.
„ 28, „ 27, „ stiching	„ stiching.
„ 29, „ 2, „ hnmbles	„ hnmble.
„ 59A, „ 33, „ what'er	„ whate'er.
„ 68 „ 5, „ vict'ry	„ Vict'ry.
„ 69 „ 12, „ pride and glory	„ "pride and glory."
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